Basic Horseplay — a turf primer

Illinois U Library

Chicago

Speedway tears down the city

•

Marshall Migatz

25 cents • August 1955

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"And, Sire . . .
Fleischmann's Bond
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. . . to make every
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THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP.,
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

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Chicago / *August 1*

CONTRIBUTORS

Sevki Cankaya drew the first comic strip in a Turkish newspaper. His first American cartoons, "What I Saw in Chicago," are in West of the Water Tower.

The poems of Elder Olson have been published in many magazines and several books, the most recent of which is "The Scarecrow Christ." The author of "Moon" is on the University of Chicago faculty.

"The Cinder Pit" was written by Joseph Sander, a ubiquitous artist who lives in Hyde Park. Formerly a New York stage manager, he now runs a firm which makes woodcuts for advertising.

Marion Massen ("The Men Who Will Open the Window," an article on educational TV station WTTW) is employed as a writer by the Chicago Housing authority.

COVER

Designer Harold Walter's composition on a wrecking company theme includes photographs by David Jackson.

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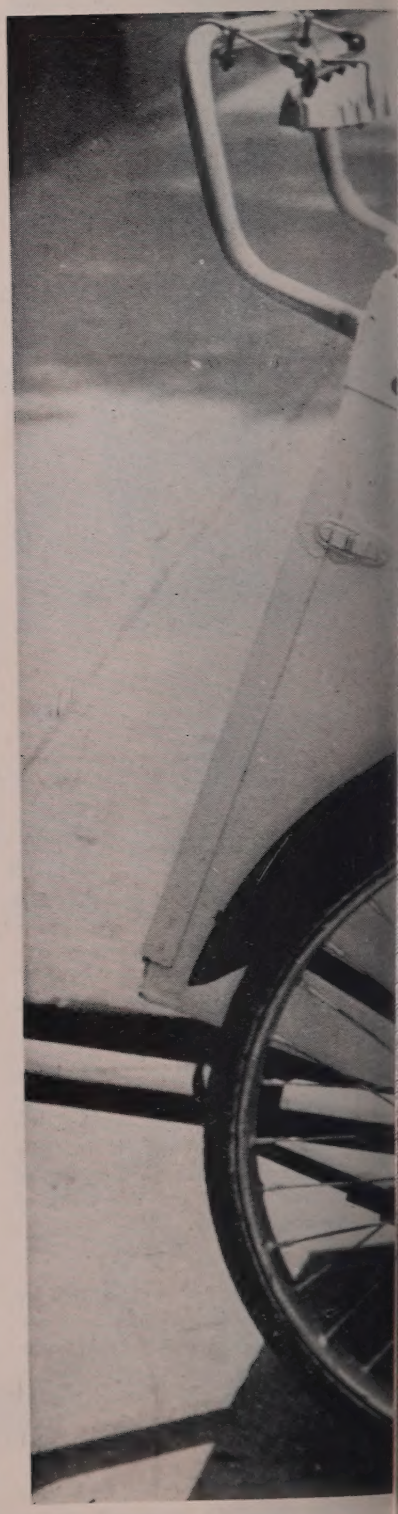
Summer Resort



United Press photo

GOOD HUMOR

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Can-Can, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A lavish Cole Porter-Abe Burrows musical with dancing girls, Rita Dimitri, John Tyers and Ronnie Cunningham. Opens Aug. 2. Nightly, 8:30 (Sun., 7); mat., Sat., 2:20 (1st week, mat. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.).

The Skin of Our Teeth, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). An ANTA production of the Thornton Wilder play with Helen Hayes, George Abbott, Mary Martin and Florence Reed. Aug. 3 thru 14. Nightly except Sun., 8:30. Mat.: 1st week, Wed., Fri. & Sat.; 2nd week, Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). A sequel to "This is Cinerama" that follows a Swiss couple thru the U.S. and a couple from Kansas City thru Europe and down the Alps on a 90-mile-an-hour bobsled ride. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

University of Chicago, Court theater, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). An outdoor summer drama festival of Moliere. Aug. 4 thru 7, 11 thru 14, "The Affected Young Ladies." 8:30 p.m.

summer theaters

(Summer theater programs are subject to abrupt change, so it is best to check before starting out.)

Beachwalk playhouse, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Aug. 2 thru 7, "Cyprienne," with Uta Hagen; Aug. 23 thru 28, "No Time for Comedy," with Sarah Churchill. Tue.-Fri., 8:30 p.m.; Sat., 8 & 11; Sun., 7:30. Mat., Thu., 2:15 Dining at Polynesian Village and the Charterhouse in the hotel.

Chevy Chase, Route 21, Wheeling (BR 4-6060). Thru Aug. 7, "My Three Angels," with Pat O'Brien. Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Dining at Chevy Chase Country club.

Drury Lane, 97th & Western (HI 5-2666). Aug. 9 thru 21, "My Three Angels," with Pat O'Brien. Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Dining at the Martinique, next door.

Fox Valley, Arcadia theater bldg., St. Charles (St. Charles 5203). Thru Aug. 7, "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin' "; Aug. 9 thru 21, "Song of Norway"; opening August 23, "Guys and Dolls." Nightly except Sun., 8:30. For dining, the Log Cabin, 1 w. Main st., St. Charles.

Michiana theater, Michiana Shores, Ind. (Michigan City 2-5858). Aug. 3 thru 7, "The Love of Three Colonels"; Aug. 10 thru 14, "The Time of the Cuckoo"; Aug. 17 thru 21, "Stalag 17"; Aug. 24 thru 28, "Harvey." 8:30 p.m. For dining, the Italian Village, 1710 Franklin, Michigan City, Ind.

Music theater, County Line rd. & Skokie, Highland Park (BR 4-7447). Thru Aug. 4, "Lady in the Dark"; Aug. 5 thru 18, "The Golden Apple"; opening Aug. 19, "By the Beautiful Sea." Nightly, 8:30. Dining at Villa Moderne, next door.

Salt Creek, 1st & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492). Opening Aug. 29, "No Time for Comedy," with Sarah Churchill. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat., Wed. & Sat., 2:15. Dining at Old Spinning Wheel, 421 e. Ogden, Hinsdale.

Shady Lane, U.S. 20, Marengo (Marengo 925). Aug. 2 thru 7, "Three on a Honeymoon"; Aug. 9 thru 14, "Festival"; Aug. 16 thru 21, "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!"; Aug. 23 thru 28, "Petticoat Fever"; opening Aug. 30, "Because Their Hearts Were Pure" (or something just as ridiculous). Nightly except Mon., 8:40. Dining at Shady Lane farm.

Tenthouse, 508 Central, (Highland Park 2-1160). Aug. 2 thru 14, Edward Arnold in "All My Sons"; Aug. 16 thru 21, "The Fifth Season"; Aug. 23 thru 28, "The Seven Year Itch"; opening Aug. 30 "Dear Brutus." Nightly except Mon. 8:40 (Sun., 7:40). Dining at Moraine hotel, 2501 Sheridan, Highland Park.

MUSIC

Ravinia festival, Ravinia park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony orchestra, Enrique Jorda, cond. **August: 2,** Eugene Istomin, piano, soloist; **4,** Leonard Rose, cello, soloist; **5,** Isaac Stern, violin, soloist; **6,** Isaac Stern, violin, Leonard Rose, cello, soloists; **9, 11, 12 & 13,** Leonard Rose, cello, Isaac Stern, violin, Eugene Istomin, piano, soloists. 8:30 p.m.

Grant Park Symphony orchestra, Grant Park band shell (HA 7-5252). **August: 3 & 5,** Joseph Rosenstock, cond., Jacob Lateiner, piano, soloist: **6 & 7,** Rosenstock, cond., Wilma Spence, soprano, Laurel Hurley, soprano, Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano, soloists: excerpts from "Der Rosenkavalier," Strauss. **10,** Rosenstock, cond., Wilma Spence, Jon Crain, Lawrence Winters, Andrew Foldi, Lawrence Gray, soloists; "Tosca," Puccini. 8 p.m. Free.

University of Chicago Musical society, International house, 1414 e. 59th (MI 3-0800). Chamber music concerts. Aug. 7, madrigals by Monteverdi and Di Lassus, midwest premieres of compositions by Leon Kirchner and George Perle. Aug. 14, Sonata for violin and piano No. 2, Bartok, and midwest premieres of compositions by Robert Bloch, Gayle Hufford, Richard Swift and Leo Treitler. 8 p.m. Free.

SPECIAL EVENTS

S. S. Aquarama, Navy pier (DE 7-6868). Dancing, maritime exhibits, aquatic shows and other entertainment aboard a Great Lakes passenger ship anchored at the pier for the summer; special programs for children. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., 5 p.m. to midnight.

All-Star football game, Soldier field, Lake Shore dr. & 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Cleveland Browns vs. College All-Stars. Aug. 12, 8:30 p.m.

Chicagoland Music festival, Soldier field (HA 7-5252). Music, pageantry and a match-lighting ceremony. Stars will include singer Mahalia Jackson and Florian ZaBach, violin. Aug. 20, 7:30 p.m.

Daily News Regatta, lake front near Adler planetarium (DE 2-1111). Sailing races in all classes and special events including water skiing, navy exhibition, fire boat demonstration and guest appearances by radio and stage stars. Aug. 28, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Powerama, lake front south of Soldier field (DE 7-4601). Display of high-powered vehicles, boats, trains and machinery. Opens Aug. 31. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun., noon to 11 p.m. Free.

Summer flower show, Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) and Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Displays of foliage plants and begonias. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

White Sox-Cubs benefit game, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). Aug. 15, 8:30 p.m.

other midsummer madness

Buckingham Memorial fountain, Grant park at Congress. Color display from 9 to 9:30 p.m. daily and 10 to 10:15 p.m. Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.

Carillon concerts, Rockefeller chapel, University of Chicago, 59th & Woodlawn (MI 3-0800). Thru Aug., Wed., 7:30 p.m.; Sun., 4:30 p.m.

Gray Line tours, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (SE 8-2900). Sight-seeing bus tours of the city.

Maxwell street, at Halsted. Open air market. Daily, from dawn to dark, with major activity on week ends.

Riverview park, 3300 n. Western (LA 5-2300). Seventy acres of rides and amusements. 11:30 a.m. to midnight.

Shoreline cruises, Michigan av. bridge. Lake cruises on boats operated by Mercury Streamliner (DE 2-1353) and Wendella (DE 7-1446). Daily, 10 a.m., 1:30, 3:45, 7:45 & 9 p.m.; also Wed., Fri. & Sat., 10 p.m. & midnight.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month: carved jade of a reclining water buffalo from the Chinese Sung dynasty. Thru Aug. 7, work in all media by the faculty of the School of the Art Institute, east wing galleries; photographs of the city by local press photographers, gallery 5; prints by Goya and Manet from the Institute's collection, galleries 13 and 16; landscape prints of the 16th thru 19th centuries, gallery 17; recent acquisitions by the print department, gallery 11; Japanese folding screens of the 17th and 18th centuries, gallery H-9; woodcuts by Ichiryusai Hiroshige from the series "One Hundred Views of Edo," gallery H-5; three oil studies and 25 preliminary drawings shown with Jack Levine's "The Trial," gallery of art interpretation; selection of woven fabrics of the 19th century, demonstrating transition from hand to mechanical production, galleries A-1 thru A-5. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Richard Baringer, oil paintings. Thru Aug., Leonard Linn gallery, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Thu., to 9 p.m.

Contemporary European drawings and gravures, Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 6 p.m.

Sylvia Shaw Judson, garden sculpture; **landscape architecture** by the Chicago chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects. Aug. 2 thru 30, Chicago Public library art department,

Ravinia Festival

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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Aug. 2-4-5-6
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Trio Concerts
Aug. 9-11-12 & 13

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THE MERCHANDISE MART

Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.

Claes Oldenburg, oil paintings and drawings. From Aug. 3, Le Provencal restaurant, 1450 e. 57th (MU 4-5774). 5 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Wed.

Bohrod, Pen, Kikuchi, Wilde, and other contemporary American artists. Frank J. Oehlschlager gallery, 107 e. Oak (SU 7-6779). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Charles Reddington, paintings and drawings. Thru Aug., 414 Art Workshop, 419 n. State (SU 7-1988). Mon.-Fri., 2 to 10 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Renaissance society, members' show. Thru Aug., 108 Goodspeed hall, 1010 e. 59th (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. from 1 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). August show: Rainbows and Halos. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 1[0] a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to [9] p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: "California: Her Gold and Growth," an exhibition of early California lithographs. New permanent exhibits include a Chicago dental office and reception room of the 1880s and an 18th century English dining room. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Exhibits explaining scientific and technological processes, including a coal mine, submarine and midwestern farm. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

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FOX VALLEY PLAYHOUSE
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Aug. 9-21
SONG of NORWAY
Beg. Aug. 23
GUYS and DOLLS

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Aug. 29-Sept. 11
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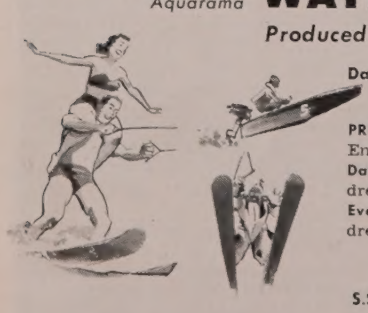

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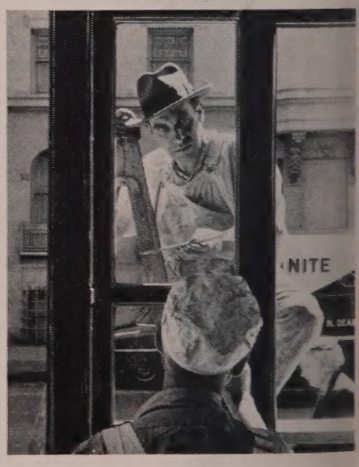

TOURS

Baha'i temple, Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Mon.-Sat., 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100). Mon.-Fri., 2, 4 & 8 p.m.

Curtiss Candy factory, 750 Briar place (BI 8-6300). Tue. & Wed., every half hour from 12:30 to 2:30 p.m. Reservations necessary.

Ford Motor company, 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, ext. 250). Assembly plant Mon.-Fri., 9 & 10 a.m., 1 & 2 p.m.

Marshall Field & Co., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of five to 20, third floor information desk. Mon.-Fri. Advance reservations necessary.

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Midwest Stock exchange, 120 s. La Salle (FI 6-1111). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Sat., 9 to 11 a.m.
Sears, Roebuck & Co., 925 s. Homan av. (KE 3-2500). Mon.-Fri., 9:45 & 10:45 a.m., 1:45 & 2:45 p.m.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). **August: 1, 2, 3** (doubleheader) **& 4,** Pittsburgh; **5, 6, 7 & 8,** Brooklyn; **9, 10** (doubleheader) **& 11,** Cincinnati; **12, 13 & 14,** Milwaukee.
White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). **August: 16** (night) **& 18** (doubleheader), Kansas City; **19** (night), **20 & 21** (doubleheader), Detroit; **23** (twi-night doubleheader) **& 24** (doubleheader), Baltimore; **25, 26** (night) **& 27,** Washington; **28** (doubleheader), New York; **30** (night) **& 31,** Boston.

golf

Tam O'Shanter qualifying, Tam O'Shanter Country club, Howard & Caldwell, Niles (ST 2-7485). Aug. 1 thru 3.
Four Ball invitational, Butterfield Country club, Midwest rd. & 31st (ST 2-7485). Aug. 3 thru 6.
All-American and World's championships, Tam O'Shanter Country club. Aug. 4 thru 14.

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Great Lakes Amateur Invitational championship, Southmoor Country club, Palos Park (Palos Park 777). Aug. 16 thru 19.
USGA Amateur qualifying, Evanston Golf club, 4401 Dempster, Skokie (UN 4-1111). Aug. 30.

harness racing

Maywood park, Fifth & North, Melrose park (MA 6-4816). Meet opens Aug. 1. 8:30 p.m.

thorobred racing

Washington park, 175th & Halsted, Homewood (IN 8-9212). Meet opens Aug. 1. Post time, Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m., Sat., 1:45.

polo

Oak Brook Polo club, Int'l fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Sun. & hol., 3 p.m.

stock car racing

Raceway park, 130th & Ashland (FU 5-4035). Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. Time trials, 7 p.m.; first race, 8:30.
Soldier field, Lake Shore dr. & 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Aug. 6, 13 & 27. Time trials, 6 p.m.; first race, 8.

yachting

Gim Hobelman Moonlight regatta, Chicago Corinthian Yacht club, foot of Montrose (ED 4-1930). Aug. 6.
George Orr regatta, Columbia Yacht club, foot of Washington (AN 3-8111). Universal and small boat classes, Aug. 20; cruising classes, Aug. 21.
Great Lakes Star Class championship, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Belmont (LA 5-7216). Aug. 22 thru 27.

TELEVISION

Let's Take a Trip (2:30 p.m. Sun., Channel 2). Two wide-eyed kids discover the wide, wide world.
Adventure (4:30 p.m. Sun., 2). Museum men piece life together.
You Are There (5:30 p.m. Sun., 2). History reappears as CBS news.
Ed Sullivan (2) and **Variety Hour** (5) both 7 p.m. Sun. Battle of the vaudeville giants.
TV Playhouse (8 p.m. Sun., 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., 2). **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., 5), **Steel Hour** and **Fron**

Row Center (9 p.m. alt. Wed., 2). Top plays.
Producers Showcase (7 p.m. Aug. 22, 5). Musical, "The King and Mrs. Candle," with Cyril Ritchard. Color.
Tonight (11 p.m. weekdays, 5). The Steve Allen stay-awaker.
Medic (8 p.m. Mon., 5). Bold drama, medically inclined.
Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). A mouse, a man and magic.
The Search (9:30 p.m. Tue., 2). Aug. 23 & 30: New Hope for the Mentally Ill.
Mr. Wizard (10:30 a.m. Sat., 5). Science without friction.
Summer Special (8 p.m. Aug. 27, 5). "One Touch of Venus," with Russell Nype and Janet Blair.

local shows

City Desk (3 p.m. Sun., 5). News gets a person-to-person workout.
John Ott (1 p.m. Sun., 5). In the garden with a growing boy.
Studs' Briefcase (10:30 p.m. Sun., 7). Brief encounters with Terkel-type culture.
In Town Tonight (10:15 p.m. weekdays, 2). A musical relaxer.

FOR THE CHILDREN

parks

horseshoes

Boys' city-wide championships, Aug. 6, Garfield park (Lake st. east of Hamlin). Juniors (thru 14), 11 a.m.; intermediates (15 thru 17), 1 p.m.

sand modeling

Final area contests for boys and girls in teams of six; juniors (thru 10) and seniors (11 thru 14). Aug. 8 & 10, North av. beach; Aug. 12, Jackson park (63rd st.). 11 a.m. to noon. Children may bring lunches and swim suits.

fishing

Annual city-wide contests for boys and girls under 16, Aug. 4, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., at lagoons in following parks: Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Jackson, Lincoln, Marquette, McKinley, Sherman and Washington. Awards will be given at each lagoon for smallest fish and most fish caught, and a city-wide grand prize for the longest fish.

golf

Golfers under 16 pay half fee on weekdays and after 4 p.m. Sat., Sun. & hol. at golf courses in Marquette, Lincoln, Jackson and Columbus parks.

sailing

Boys and girls, 14 thru 18, who can swim 200 yards and wish to learn sailing, seamanship and water safety, may join the park district's **Rainbow fleet,** which sails daily in ten-foot dinghies in Burnham park lagoon. Phone HA 7-5252, ext. 422, to enroll. Free.

forest preserve swimming pools

Whealan, Milwaukee & Devon; **Green Lake,** 159th & Torrence; **Cermak,** 7600 Ogden. Children free, Mon., Wed. & Fri., 2:30 to 5:30 p.m. Picnic areas nearby.

boat trips

Mercury Sightseeing boats (DE 2-1353) and **Wendella Boat co.** (DE 7-1446), Michigan av. bridge. One and two-hour boat trips on Lake Michigan. Daily, 10 a.m. to midnight.
Shoreline Marine co., 1515 n. State (SU 7-1714). Half-hour trips from Shedd aquarium dock, 9:30 a.m. to 5:15 p.m., and from dock opposite Buckingham fountain, 6 to 10:30 p.m.

excursions

Proviso freight yards, Lake st. in Mel-

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A wonderful indoor swimming pool and magnificent ballroom are among the many fine features of this stunning Colonial on one acre of beautifully landscaped ground in Wilmette. 4 master bedrooms, 4½ baths, servants' quarters. Offered at far less than reproduction value, this home will appeal to the discriminating buyer.

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Deluxe 10 room contemporary home in a choice wooded section one-half block from lake. Built for present owner in 1942 of finest materials. Library, den, two powder rooms, living room with beautiful view overlooking gardens. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, basement and recreation room. $65,000.

GLENVIEW REALTY CO.

1141 Waukegan Road, Glenview **GLenview 4-0600**

rose Park (DE 2-2121). Tours for children 8 years and over thru a 21-acre area where freight cars are loaded and unloaded and made up into trains. Children may watch cars being sorted on the "hump" and climb to the main control tower for an over-all view of yard operations. Each group of ten children must be accompanied by an adult. Reservations necessary.

Grosse Point lighthouse, Sheridan rd. & Central, Evanston (GR 5-3100). Visitors may climb the winding stairway to the top of the lighthouse for a panoramic view of Lake Michigan. Picnic spots and a beach are nearby. Lighthouse open Fri. only, 4 to 4:30 p.m.

Olson waterfall, 2800 n. Pulaski rd. A 35-foot waterfall set in a rock garden with flowers, shrubs, trees and Indian relics. Daily, 8 a.m. to midnight. Free.

Morton arboretum, route 53, Lisle (Downers Grove 74). 4,800 varieties of trees and plants from all over the world in 835 acres of woodland park with winding trails, small streams and deep ravines. Specimens are clearly labeled. Free maps and permission for picnicking may be obtained at the administration building, which is open Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (closed noon to 1 p.m.); Sat., Sun. & hol., 2 to 5 p.m.

Little Red schoolhouse, Willow Springs rd. (107th av. south of 95th st.) (CO 1-8400). Forest preserve center for nature study, with pictures and exhibits of fish, wild life, minerals and fossils. The area contains a pond with fish and ducks and snake and turtle pits.

ZOOS

Lincoln park, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). **Main zoo:** more than 2,500 animals, birds and reptiles; **Children's zoo:** a special enclosure south of the reptile house, with a Mother Goose theme, for children 12 and under; **Zoo-rookery** (at Fullerton): a rock garden with a large pond for water birds.

Indian Boundary park, 2500 Lunt av. A small zoo with a bear, deer, small animals and birds. Open daily.

Brookfield, 31st at Golfview, Brookfield (HU 5-0263). A 135-acre zoo with animals in surroundings resembling natural habitats, picnic areas, and a **Children's zoo** and farm where small

animals may be petted and fed by visitors. Main zoo free Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Hawthorn-Mellody farm & Children's zoo, U.S. 21, 3 miles south of Libertyville (LI 2-2025). A recent addition to this children's zoo and milking parlor is the H-M Bar-20, a replica of a ranch and frontier town, with stage coaches, covered wagons and relics of the old West. Week-end demonstrations of gun and lasso feats, cattle handling and bronco busting. Mon.-Fri., 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. to 6 p.m. Free Mon., Tue., Thu. & Fri.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). "Summer Fun" program of free movies on American history. Tue., by reservation only, 9:45 & 11 a.m. & 2 p.m.; Wed., open to the public, 11 a.m. & 2 p.m. **Aug. 2 & 3,** "Opening of the West"; part 2, "Springfield Rifle,'" full-length movie about the Civil war in the West, and color cartoon. **9 & 10,** "The Civil War"; part 3, "Springfield Rifle," and cartoon. **16 & 17,** "American Transportation," from horseback to jet plane, color cartoon and "Folk Music," special feature with audience participation. **23 & 24,** "Illinois —Land of Lincoln," "History in your Community" and cartoon.

Natural History museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Summer movie program, Thu., 10 & 11 a.m. Aug. 4, "Trailside Adventures." Aug. 11, "Nanook of the North," an Eskimo story. Children 8 years and over may take the "Journey for Museum Travelers" any day this month. Theme: Indian and Kachina dolls, Java puppets and Chinese shadow plays.

libraries

"Join the Explorers' club — earn your flag" is the theme of the children's summer reading program at all branch libraries. Children who read and report on books will have their names and schools listed on display bulletin boards. Consult local branches for hours.

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Thru Aug. 22, Josephine Premice sings calypsos, South African tunes and other selections. Day, Dawn and Dusk, a vocal trio will be there, too. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.50; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). A Calypso-voodoo revue enters the scene in August, with the Shango trio, songs by Vivi and Venito, and with Obuba officiating as high priest. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). A new ice revue, this one with a carnival theme, includes acrobatic antics by the Le Duc brothers, solo skating by Johnny Lee. The Oglevies, a skating team, appear, as do Victor Charles, puppeteer, and Lou Folds, juggler. The Boulevar-Dears and Boulevar-Dons do the chorus skating and Frankie Masters and the Tattlers provide the music. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years. Dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing after 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). The cuisine is French; the music is Jimmy Blade's. Noon to 3 p.m.; 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Dorothy Collins, with a well scrubbed look and style, appears from Aug. 5 thru 17. Ann Sothern opens with sophistication on Aug. 18. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show, dancing and Jack Eigen.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music by Frank York, his orchestra and fiddle. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

The Compass, 1152 e. 55th (MU 4-3757). A new tavern that provides a casual setting for impromptu drama and other off-the-cuff liveliness. Original divertissements by members get an airing on Tuesday. Entertainment begins about 9 p.m. and lasts later Fri. & Sat.

Write for free menu folder

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Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Dorothy Shay remains thru August, glamorizing hillbilly tunes for a midwestern audience. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a steady two-beat for dancers. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Dancing Nightly Under The Stars

Jardin Royale

ON THE NORTH TERRACE

in a Setting of Old New Orleans

Edgewater Beach HOTEL

CHICAGO 40 • LO-1-6000

"PORK AND BEEF ARE GOOD FOR EACH OTHER," says Executive Chef Gosy of the Sherman Hotel. He proves this statement with his famous Danish Chopped Steak. A mouth-watering marriage of prime, ground beef and pork, this specialty of the College Inn Porterhouse restaurant boasts a flavor so unique it would have delighted that grandfather of all gourmets, old Lucullus himself. To enjoy a truly superb cuisine, come to the Sherman (you can drive right in!) and dine at Chicago's finest steak house to the music of Frank York and his famous strolling violins. Hotel Sherman, Randolph, Clark and LaSalle Streets. Franklin 2-2100.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Hamish Menzies comes in to sing and tell stories, while Jimmy Bowman and Audrey Morris remain steadfast at their musical chores. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). A new policy introduces quiet and sophisticated jazz, with tunes by Pat Lordier and Bob WeDyck at the piano. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Village, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). South sea decor. Two cuisines — Island Cantonese and Yankee. Two orchestras — Jimmy Pineapple and Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter provides dance music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra in an Alpine setting where everything is Swiss but the bartender. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Lester Young wails on thru Aug. 11, to be followed on the 12th by the Modern Jazz quartet — Milt Jackson, vibes, John Lewis, piano, Percy Heath, bass, and Kenny Clarke, drums — which will be around thru the 25th. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session Mon.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Erroll Garner's trio and Chet Baker's quartet stay on thru the 7th; on Aug. 10 Les Brown's band comes in for five days, thru the 14th; during the last half of the month, from the 17th thru the 31st, the great Count Basie holds forth. Food a la carte, $1.50 to $3. $3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Lurlene Hunter is joined by Jo Ann Miller, an import from Miami Beach. Monday and Tuesday, Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo play for each other on piano and bass. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). The house of Dixieland. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 min.

Preview lounge, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). The Dukes of Dixieland, a group of guys fresh out of college, show they have learned their lessons very well. Music 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. No cover or min.

EATING OUT

Cafe Bellini, 1014 Rush (MO 4-6397). Light sandwiches, pastries and coffee concoctions in a small cafe with 19th century decor. Iced Russian tea is a summer specialty. Daily, noon to 1 a.m., except Mon. from 8 p.m.

Cape Cod room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). The sea food here compares with that served in salt water ports. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

George Diamond's, 512 s. Wabash (WE 9-2321). Large steaks, salads and crowds make it advisable to call early for reservations or arrive late. 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sun., 3 to 10 p.m. A la carte from $2.

Gold's, 810 w. Roosevelt rd. (SE 3-4300). Some of the best Kosher cookery in town. Daily, 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. Dinner from $1.50.

Grand and Noble. On the southwest corner of the intersection is an outdoor sea food place where clams and oysters shipped in from the coast daily are opened on the spot. Daily to 2 a.m. Sat. & Sun. to 3 a.m.

Guey Sam's, 2205 Wentworth av. (VI 2-7840). Subtle flavors in the heart of Chinatown. 11 a.m. to 12:30 a.m. Dinner from $1.50.

Isbell's, 940 Rush (DE 7-3500). A Near North spot where the menu is nearly as long as the neon sign. 11 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinner from $2.50.

Johnstone's, Peterson at Cicero (SU 7-5400). Nourishment of merit, not the least of which is the corn bread and apple butter served with the salad, and pleasant surroundings to eat it in. Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., noon to 9 p.m. Dinner from $2, also a la carte.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord here, of course. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan (DE 7-9701). Summer dining on the patio or indoors from a menu of adequate scope. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner from $2.10.

Old Heidelberg, 14 w. Randolph (FR 2-1892). Hearty German fare in a Lost Rathskeller. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $1.75.

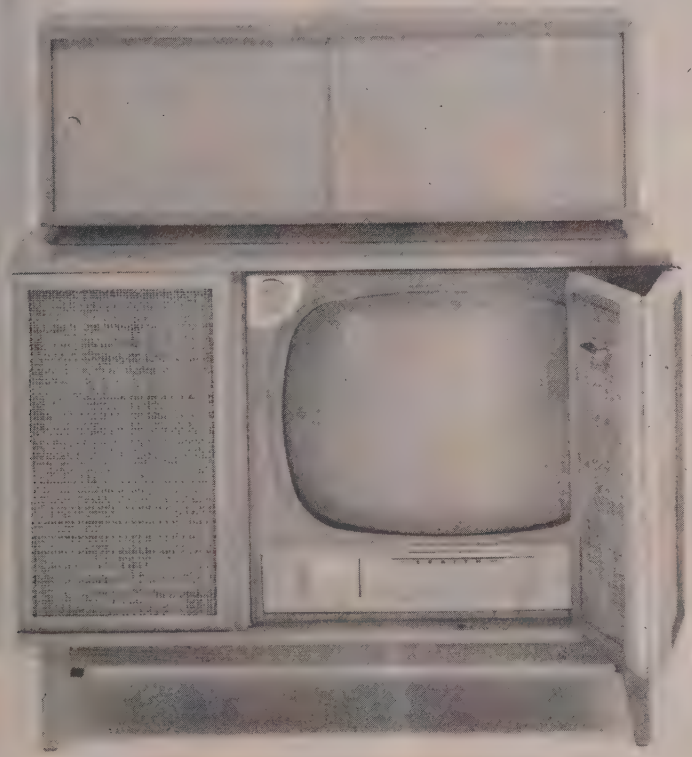
Riccardo's, 437 n. Rush st. (WH 4-8875). The most complex of Italian dishes are served either indoors or at sidewalk tables. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m. Lunch from $1; dinner from $2.25.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6. Sirloin room, 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun. from noon. Matador room, 5 to 11 p.m.; Sun. from noon.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100) A dim room with deep sea menu and decor. Daily noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.60-$2.25; dinner a la carte.

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT ZENITH

SUPERB STYLING...DISTINGUISHED PERFORMANCE



The magnificent Waldorf is a *complete* home entertainment center—a television-radio-phonograph combination whose loveliness becomes even more pronounced when you hear the full tone richness, the brilliant concert-hall reproduction of its high-fidelity sound system...and see the clear, sharp, steady pictures that are brought to you with 20,000 volts of picture power. Truly an exhilarating experience in sight and sound!

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COPR., 1955

WEST *of the Water Tower*

AUTOMATION IN THE FRONT YARD

Augustus Burgess, the building superintendent, was mowing the lawn at the northwest corner of Dearborn and Chestnut.

Fifteen or 20 people were standing around watching him work, but he didn't mind — in fact he seemed to be rather enjoying it. Watching was practically all he was doing, too. The lawn mower was running briskly back and forth, making the sound that lawn mowers make. But there was nobody behind pushing it. And if anybody had been there he couldn't have pushed it anyway, because it didn't have any handle.

Otherwise the machine looked about like any other lawn mower. Its blades and wheels were about normal size. A small motor sat on a shelf above the blades, however, and there was a little third wheel centered at the rear. A rubber tube about 20 feet long led from the mower to a small box in Burgess's hands. By maneuvering two toggle switches with his thumbs, he caused it to start, stop, back up and turn left or right.

The mower made straight runs across the lawn for a while, then followed the irregular boundary near the building. When Burgess signaled for a turn, the little wheel would operate like a tiller to bring it about.

Presently a man and a girl came out of the building which, like the mower, is owned by *Opportunity*, a trade magazine for house-to-house salesmen.

"This isn't a very good day," the girl said. "Usually we have a bigger crowd and cars stopping in the street."

Several people asked the man where they could buy the machine. He showed them copies of the magazine, which said they are made by the Winpower Manufacturing company of Newton, Iowa, called E-Z-Kutr's and sold by the door-to-door hucksters.

The mowers cost about $160, and the one owned by *Opportunity* has apparently paid for itself in public relations since it was purchased four months ago.

Practice has made Burgess deft at driving the E-Z-Kutr, and he willingly demonstrates the fine points to anyone who inquires.

"It does everything but rake the grass," he said, gazing fondly at the machine.

"Give it time," said the girl from the office. "Maybe it'll learn."

IT'S EVEN MORE EXCLUSIVE

A couple of career girls who live near the key club on west Burton place have posted on their front door a tastefully printed sign reading: "This is not the Nocturne."

CENSOR

A navy veteran from South Shore visited Paris while he was in the service and took some snapshots of what his younger brother calls the "Follies Bizarre." The pictures of the unclad ladies were placed in a living room table drawer and shown to all non-ecclesiastical visitors. That was before the sailor's strait-laced sister got angry with him one day, took a red crayon and provided all the girls with bras.

THE YOUNG TURKS

Turkey's leading popular singer has been living at the Lawson YMCA, and that country's top cartoonist currently resides in International House on the University of Chicago campus.

Sevki Cankaya drew the first comic strip the Ottomans ever saw, and the very mention of Celal Ince's name is enough to cause mass swooning among the Turkish equivalent of the blue jeans set.

The presence here of both these temporarily displaced luminaries attests to the voracious appetite of their nation for everything American. Both were trained in the classical backgrounds of their professions and both are now studying the Yankee-commercial possibilities. Equally noteworthy is the fact that both are under 35. Turkey is being Westernized at a furious pace, and its young people are the frontiersmen.

Ince and Cankaya each planned and saved for years to come to the United States, and the way was smoothed for them by Mrs. Pearl Drubeck, who is principal of Keith public school at 34th and Dearborn. Mrs. Drubeck recently spent a year and a half teaching in the University of Istanbul under the auspices of the State department. Her home became a sort of American cultural center, and more than 450 young Turks who wanted to study in the United States took to dropping in, among them Ince and Cankaya. She advised them to apply for admission to American schools. and sent letters of her own to help them along. Cankaya was admitted to the American Academy of Art and Ince to the American Conservatory of Music. Both institutions, coincidentally, are located in the Kimball building.

Both Cankaya and Ince are bache-

rs; both are reserve officers in the rkish army; both, of course, are rk. There the resemblance ends.

The singer's name is pronounced eloll Indj-eh. He isn't sure of his e, but believes he was born in 1922. e comes from Adana on the Mediranean coast, the metropolis of an ea which has recently become newh in the manner of Texas.

Ince summarizes his boyhood this ay: "I born with music. My father ayed the lute. When I was four or e, he tell me I have voice like a ghtingale. When I was 11, he send e away. Eight years I don't see my her or my mother or nobody. I ent to the music teachers' school in kara. Refugees from Europe came ere to teach during the 30s. I udied viola for three months with ul Hindemith, and I had classes der Bela Bartok.

"I sang in operas — *La Boheme, adame Butterfly, The Bartered Bride* d that Bat-ofen opera . . . *Fidelio.* ang the soparano partie. Just 'part' u call it? You know something? The rmans called it 'partie,' too. Why n't you use the international terms? know everything, but I don't know e words."

Ince left school in 1941 with solid ining in all phases of classical music oice, instrumental and composition. The outlets for putting these abilities use were very limited, however. hile teaching in secondary schools, ce performed with the national era company, but didn't get paid for it. These operas were shoestring productions by Western standards, and he heard his first full-scale opera and symphony performances after he came here.

The only way Ince could make a good living out of music was by turning to the popular side, and he did so in 1941, starting a singing show over Radio Istanbul. Except for a year and a half in the army shortly after that, he was a steadily rising star from that time until February of this year, when he came to the United States. For the last four years, he had also been singing in the largest night club in Istanbul.

Ince looks the part of an idol. Of medium height, he appears taller because of his slender build and erect carriage. He dresses impeccably, and his long, straight abundant hair is billowy but neat.

In demeanor, he is alternately pensive and verbose, frequently pressing his hand to his forehead as if racked by some weighty problem, then bursting into a smile and making a jocular observation on some person or phenomenon.

American songs are very popular in Turkey, and Ince learned some English from them before he came here. Since then he has been building up his vocabulary by reciting television commercials and copying corrections in his grammar made by friends into a little notebook he carries around. He had thus gained a considerable mastery of vernacular as well as textbook English. His supreme indictment of anybody who incurs his disfavor is: "He's dope."

Nothing here has fascinated Ince more than television, and especially its characteristic advertising methods. A few months ago he wrote an article on the subject for a Turkish radio magazine. The title was *No Money Down.*

He finds American girls equally interesting, but often relies on an old Turkish expression to say so. Since all the girls in Turkey are brunettes, the most attractive ones are described as *kara biber,* meaning "black pepper." Ince frequently finds occasion to murmur *"kara biber,"* around here. When a blonde comes by he is equally appreciative, if less articulate. Sometimes he uses the Turkish word *pilic* (pronounced pill-ich). Literally it means "chicken," and the figurative usage corresponds to the American one.

The regard in which Turkish girls hold Ince was demonstrated forcibly one night in Mrs. Drubeck's Elm street apartment. She introduced him to a student nurse from Turkey, who reacted as an American girl might on meeting Eddie Fisher half way up Mt. Everest. After she was able to talk, the nursing student told of her school days in Turkey, when the girls would put Ince's picture on top of the radio, turn on his program, and swoon in unison.

Ince regards his formal training at the conservatory largely as a refresher

WHAT I SAW IN CHICAGO

New generation is all the same.

Bus is same as in Turkey.

course. He devotes much of his spare time to studying American entertainment practices – radio, television, night clubs and recording. He would like to make some records while he's in town, partly for budgetary reasons. He and Cankaya are allowed to take only $160 a month out of Turkey.

The father of the Turkish comic strip pronounces his name Shev-key Chan-keye-ah. He has short, curly hair receding at the temples. When he smiles his features take on a whimsical cast reminiscent of some of the French movie comedians. He is less talkative than Ince, but quite capable of a droll comment when the chance arises.

Cankaya is actually only half Turkish. His mother was a South American and he was born in Chile 34 years ago. His parents separated when he was eight and his father took him to the Turkish harbor town of Iskanderoun.

He attended an academy something like the school of the Art Institute. Commercial art is just beginning in Turkey, and Cankaya's training was that of a fine artist, with a strong modern influence injected by French instructors.

After graduation he joined the staff of *Hurriyet,* the largest Turkish newspaper. "I was journalist," he says. "I had press card. At first I did political cartoons. One day the boss called me in and said we should have comic strip in the paper. At first we thought maybe it doesn't work, but it work all right. Now the papers are full of comic strips. People like them – especially teen-age people."

One of Cankaya's strips was called *Fury of the Desert* and had a kind of Arabian Nights theme.

"Most Turkish comic strips," he said, "are serious love stories – like *La Dame Aux Camellias.* The readers are mostly women and girls."

In order to help pay his expenses, Cankaya has been working part-time as a stage hand at the Empire room of the Palmer house. Ince likes to kid him about his role in the entertainment world as follows: "He puts the microphone on the stage at the beginning of the show and takes it off at the end. He is a big man."

Cankaya comes closest to being garrulous when his homeland is discussed. "Why you call that bird turkey I don't know," he will say. "We call it hindi (Hindu). I wonder what they call it in India?"

He claims that tobacco has always been grown in Turkey, refusing to give the sole credit for its development to the "red Indians."

In his local studies, Cankaya is paying particular attention to advertising art, which he says is a new field with great potential in Turkey.

He is also sending back one weekly comic strip to his paper. It has nothing to do with the United States, however. It's about the African jungle. His only American cartoons to date are those presented herewith – as captioned by the artist.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

A male model telling about his a signment at an insurance compan office: "They had two Negroes an two Chinese and this white girl an me to show that they didn't use an discretion."

QUOTE OF THE CENTURY

The main post office reports that a least five people a day call to chec the wording of: "Neither snow no rain nor heat nor gloom of night stay these couriers from the swift com pletion of their appointed rounds

IT IS WRITTEN

On the window of an appliance store in Berwyn: "We honor all di count cards, license plates, driver licenses, dog tags and old bus tran fers."

THE DIMINISHING WORKDAY

On the door of the Spotomati cleaners on Division street, is a notice "Hours 7:30 to 8 p.m."

Many things are king size.

It takes time to distinguish boys from girls

THE AMBIGUITY OF BEING IRVIN

Filling the spot vacated by a tower-ng figure like the Lincoln Park zoo's ate Bushman is a gorilla-sized task, nd it is not made easier by carry-ng such a genteel name as Irvin oung. The zoo's current heavy was the largest of four baby apes brought back from Africa by director Marlin Perkins in 1948. Perkins named him after a North Side manufacturer and zoo fan who had helped finance the safari.

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8 FATHOMS BELOW WISCONSIN

If anyone will walk to the foot of Vaveland avenue, keep going thru ie park to the lake, then plunge in nd sink to the bottom, he will find iere, soaking solemnly, a park bench. hru the dark, shimmering waters, a gn exhorts passersby, "Please Keep our Parks Clean."

Bob Domkowski says so. He's been the bottom and seen it. So has his ousin, Ron Domkowski. So have his iends, Dick Guerine and Don Hue.

Another fellow who knows is Vern ederson. He is founder of the Chi-go Submarine Exploration group. his group of 15 young men, every iance it gets, slips into form-fitting bber suits and disappears into the ater.

No telling what they'll find on the ors of lakes or at the bottoms of ttomless pits. Someone is missing a ving cup for the 1916 Milwaukee otball championship — Pederson and s submariners have it. They have found a Model A Ford, ice boxes, tires, a trunkful of drippy love letters, a half dollar, a gas lantern, several empty telephone coin boxes and quantities of golf balls.

Skin diving, as this form of amphibious human activity is called, is America's fastest growing sport, Pederson says. The sport is booming around Florida and California, where the waters are warm to the skin and the colorful coral is wondrous to the eye. Divers go under with spear guns, sometimes come up hauling their own weight in barracuda. Always they come up raving with delight. Midwestern waters are neither as warm nor as wondrous. For want of the thrilling spectacle of coral, the diver hereabouts must be content with an occasional misplaced park bench. But he raves about the fun anyhow.

"It's another world," Pederson said with soft-spoken enthusiasm, "and you've been only 30 feet away from it all your life. You have no entanglements. You float free and go anywhere. You see seaweed moving with the currents. A jumbo fish comes up, grabs a minnow and goes down again. Divers don't scare fish away, so we see them in their own habitat."

If skin divers don't scare fish, it's because in full dress they have a piscatorial aspect themselves. Several layers of warm woolens are concealed by the diver's sleek rubber suit. A diving mask hugs his face, a bulging window covering his eyes and nose. From a mouthpiece, a thick hose leads over each shoulder to a tank of compressed air perched on his back. On his feet are large webbed swim fins.

When landbound, the club members gather at the business headquarters of Vern Pederson. He operates the Chicago Oxygen Therapy service, 1641 Irving Park road, supplying hospitals and doctors with compressed oxygen. A couple of years ago, able-bodied youths began dropping in regularly for tanks of compressed air. Pederson began to ask questions and became interested in diving. Now his little store carries an impressive stock of diving suits, fins, masks and even underwater spears fired by gas, springs and jumbo rubber bands.

In his dimly lit, quiet back room, members of the club putter with equipment and talk shop. When they are not laying careful plans for a dive, they're hashing over a previous one. The dive that rates the most rehashing is one, last October, when the group laid claim to the world's deepest free dive in fresh water. In a free dive, the diver is on his own, not connected to the surface by hose, rope or any other device.

Two pairs of divers shared the record-breaking experience. Bob Domkowski, a dental technician, teamed with Don Hue, an oxygen technician; Ron Domkowski, a Wright junior college engineering student, with Dick Guerine, a Loyola law student.

It was a miserable day at Green Lake, Wisconsin, Sunday, October 3. Fred Remus had been assigned to find the deepest lake in the Chicago area, other than Lake Michigan. The University of Wisconsin assured him Green Lake was it. Exactly half the Tribune Tower could be dunked in its depth of 230 feet.

The divers went to a point called Sugar Loaf. Nerves were cocked after weeks of planning, preparing and waiting. For two hours more they waited while rain splashed wearily. The jitters compounded.

rb for Green Lake dive: Bob and Ron Domkowski, Dick Guerine and Don Hue.

"Hell, let's go!" Bub shouted suddenly. He pricked a bubble of impatience, for suddenly the whole club was rowing happily thru the rain in two 18-foot open boats.

"Hey, Bob, if you find any mermaids," Johnny Private cracked, "get their phone numbers." Johnny, called "Pfc," was the snorkel man. He was to be a kind of liaison between the boats and divers, swimming just under the surface breathing thru a snorkel tube.

"Don't get wet," added Wally Madrak, the safety man, his own outer clothes dripping rainwater. Should anything untoward happen, the safety man would take command.

"Why don't you take a shovel?" asked Karl Aldrin. "Then you can go a couple feet deeper for the record." Karl was in charge. Vern Pederson had to stay home. He had become a father the day before.

"This is the spot about here," Fred Remus announced, and the wisecracking stopped.

Two of the boys lifted a 50-pound chunk of pig iron and heaved it. It splashed abruptly, pulling with it the seemingly endless anchor rope, which was marked at 10-foot intervals by white discs.

Some of the splash soaked into Bob Domkowski's foam rubber suit. The slight discomfort amused him when he thought of how much water would envelop him in a few moments. The others didn't feel the splash. They wore "dry" suits of sheet rubber.

There were no last minute instructions or reminders. They had been over the plan a hundred times. Bob just got up and lowered himself into the water feet first. Bob was experimenting with a "wet" suit to compare its advantages with those of a "dry" suit. By soaking up water, the wet suit equalizes pressure inside and out. But the diver is at the mercy of water temperatures. Don Hue, Bob's diving buddy, in a "dry" sheet rubber suit, would emerge from the dive warm and dry but with painful welts where the heavy pressure digs every fold of the rubber into the skin.

"There's only one way to find out," Bob volunteered when the divers debated which suit would be better in deep water. "Try both." Bob's experiences during the big dive make a story the club still shudders over.

An ever-so-slight upward push against the anchor rope sent Bob gliding downward. He was unencumbered and free. The strange beauty of the floating freedom, which struck him anew every time he entered the water, overshadowed for a moment the seriousness of the challenge he was about to face. The water was warm and comfortable. The thermometer on Don's wrist said 65 degrees. The air outside was 60.

Bob started downward. Don followed.

At about 30 feet, Bob hit the "floor" of the first temperature layer. It appeared as a shelf of smoke, a floating shimmering sheet. His feet punched thru the sheet without effort and the cold struck them. As the wet cold enveloped him, the light dimmed, too. The temperature had plunged 15 degrees to a hostile 50. Cold water soaked into his sponge-like suit.

At 100 feet, he struck the second temperature floor. Bob felt he'd been encased in a cake of ice. He glanced up toward Don and slowed to get a look at the thermometer. Don was a vague silhouette. His flashlight cast an eerie red glow as the water filtered out other colors. The thermometer read 38 degrees, and Bob wanted urgently to wrap something tighter around him against the wet and cold. In a few seconds, at 120 feet, darkness was total. He felt the confused helplessness of driving at night with no headlights.

Instinctively, Bob slowed until Don closed in.

He became aware of a rumbling hiss and a silence, alternating rhythmically. He cast his mind around in the darkness to identify it. It sounded like the hi-fi amplification he had once heard of the sound in an oxygen tent. Then he realized it was his own breathing apparatus, roaring in the liquid silence. The quieter the water the more amplified the bellows-like sound. Patiently, Bob floated downward.

With the abruptness of an unexpected attack, his feet were seized from below. Relief flowed thru him as he sank knee-deep into fine silt. But a strange disbelief taunted him. The world had been liquid and free. Now it was solid again. The bottom!

Bob reached out for Don. He felt Don do the same. All was well. The pressure on them, Bob knew from careful calculations in weeks past, was 99.8 pounds per square inch.

the surface it is 14.7 pounds. It was black and wet and empty. The world was cold water and clammy silt. This was the objective of the weeks of planning.

He felt an obligation, since he had come down this far, to explore, investigating signs of marine and plant life. But if Jules Verne's Nautilus itself had been lying five feet away on that lake bed, he couldn't have seen it in the uncompromising blackness. Anyhow, a loud inward voice commanded him to stay close to that rope. It was his only connection with civilization.

Bob kept asking himself, "Am I aware? Am I sober? Which way is up?" In deep submersions, divers duel with a peculiar submarine drunkenness, nitrogen narcosis, which they call "rapture of the deep." When the body is under heavy pressure, nitrogen is passed from the lungs to the blood stream. It is sponged up into tissues protecting the brain exactly as alcohol is sponged up. The diver loses his sense of direction and his muscular control. Worst of all, he doesn't care. He loses his instinct for self-preservation.

Bob knew nitrogen couldn't affect him because he was breathing none. His tank held a helium-oxygen mixture, which he was trying for the first time. But would the helium produce some peculiar effect? Was the pressure itself affecting him? He seemed to feel fine, Bob told himself. But, he wondered, would he know it if he didn't?

He had only one specific mission and he set about it. From his belt, he unhooked a spring-type clothespin On it his name was spelled in indelible pencil. He fumbled for the plastic marker lowest on the depth line. To it he fastened his clothespin. Don did the same after him. Thus they left proof that the world's record for a free dive in fresh water had just changed hands. In the dim and weird area of red light from Don's flash, Bob pointed a finger upward. Don nodded and they began their graceful ascent thru fluid space.

The mission, Bob suddenly realized, was not over. It was not half over. The climb upward certainly was the greater half of the performance. Hand reached over hand monotonously. It is a strange and pleasing sensation to feel the body lift at a faint tug, as tho the gospel of gravity had never spread to the underwater depths. But now, the climax of the plot had been reached. It was black, and the crawling, encompassing wetness had lost its entertainment quality – the mission seemed stuck in a rut.

Then light appeared, soaking thru all the water above. A plastic marker said "110." Bob was amazed that nearly half of his climb was still ahead of him.

The light opened wider and, very slowly, the numerals on the markers approached 30 feet where, according to plan, the divers would stop five minutes for decompression.

Just as Bob grasped the rope near the 30-foot marker, he felt suddenly doused by a hot shower. The temperature floor. It was exhilarating. He let the heat soak into him for a few delicious seconds and his insides quivered with relief and delight. Then violently and convulsively he began to throb, and he realized that despite the nearly burning sensation on his surface, he was unbearably cold inside. Each quaking muscle clamored that he get out of the water. He had never known it to be so cold. But he couldn't get out. Every moment of training as a skin diver had taught him he mustn't. The dreaded caisson disease, the "bends" – can kill. It paralyzes or ruptures the blood vessels.

Then Don crowded him. He'd forgotten Don. Bob locked his shaking arms around his chest to indicate cold. Don grabbed his legs and began to rub. The violent rubbing against Bob's uncontrollable shaking somehow added to the crisis. Then Don began massaging Bob's body. But the rubbing released warmth.

A couple of feet away, two spare breathing tanks dangled, ready for a quick change during decompression. Don tugged at the rope suspending them. It was the signal to Chuck Napravnik upstairs to start timing the decompression.

There were five minutes to go at this level and ten minutes more at ten feet. Wally, the safety man, glided into view, to keep an eye on their ascent. He saw Don rubbing Bob and he took it up, too.

The cold became bearable and somehow the five minutes and ten minutes went by and Bob was lifting himself into the boat with the help of the other two.

"What happened?" Chuck asked.

"Shock," Don reported. "Got too cold for the wet suit."

Karl Aldrin poured hot coffee from a vacuum bottle. Bob took a careful sip and the heat spread like a prairie fire within him.

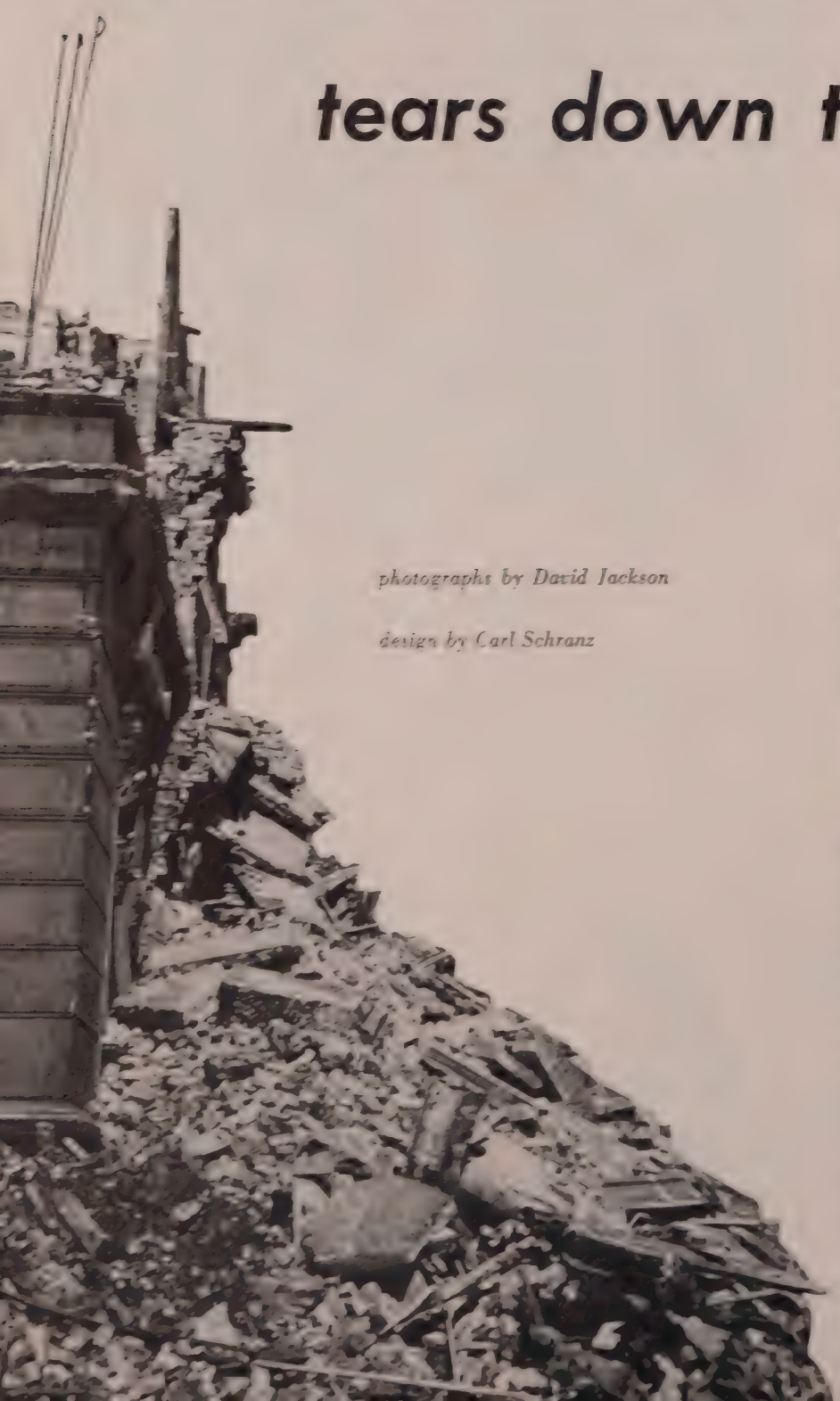
"Well, I'll be doggoned!" Don exclaimed. He held up his waterproof wrist watch. It was smashed by the pressure as tho a vise had crushed it.

Bob began to laugh, louder and louder. He tried to recall details of his discomfort, but he couldn't. "Now we know," he thought. "Wet suits are no good for real deep dives."

Ready to attack Lake Michigan: Jim Guth, Dick Guerine and Don Hue.

SPEEDWAY

tears down the city



photographs by David Jackson

design by Carl Schranz

by John Chancellor

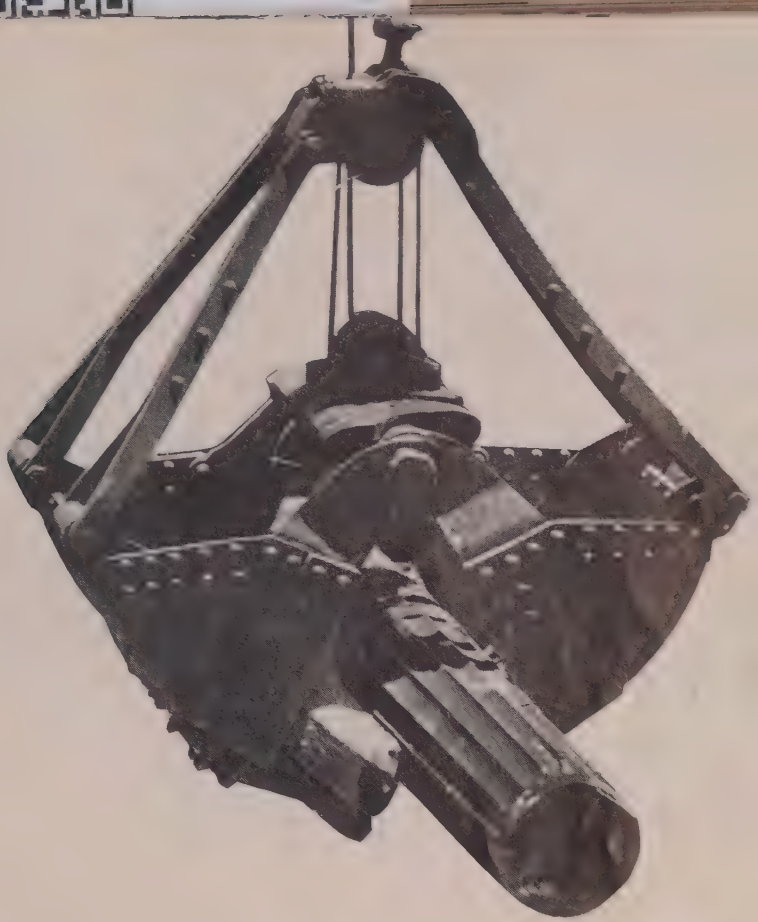
In the olden days when the Lord wanted the walls demolished in a town called Jericho, he bade a man named Joshua to play trumpets and get his people to shout the walls down. This was an historically successful demolition job, but it took seven days. Today the Lord would certainly call on the largest and slickest wall demolisher in the country: the Speedway Wrecking company.

This giant of the toppling trade has felled more walls than all the local ravages of fire and wind and old age combined. The Speedway stamp has been placed on more rubble than was left by the Great Fire.

While the construction companies are prospering mightily from the city's much heralded redevelopment, Speedway and its smaller competitors are also turning more than a few dollars. For in a densely settled urban community, it is almost axiomatic that what goes up must do so after something else has come down.

As the more astute sidewalk superintendents know, it is not just wanton destruction that gives Speedway its reputation. It is an enormous technical grasp of power in men and machines—a doctorate in the anatomy of muscle.

The Speedway people are experts in muscle: they not only destroy—they build. They dig the world's biggest



A booming busting business is founded on the principle that the old town must fall before the new one rises

holes, for one thing. And to anyone who questions the inherent nobility and usefulness of a really large hole, the logical reply is: how can an underground garage be built without one?

Speedway is all muscle: the chilling cracks of a steel ball weighing a ton and a half against a concrete and steel wall, the stunning "chomp" of a diesel shovel as it lifts a section of dirt half as big as a living room high into the air.

It was the educated muscle of Speedway Wrecking that gently destroyed the old-time burlesque palace, the Rialto theater, at State and Van Buren, earning the company the self-conferred title of "the greatest stripper of them all."

Speedway has its headquarters in a yard a quarter of a block wide at 29th and Wabash. The financial and administrative functions are housed in a shiny new building at 58 east 29th, adjacent to the yard.

By far the largest office in this new building is occupied by the demolition racoon who runs Speedway: a 59-year-old Jewish immigrant from Poland named J. B. Kolko, who started his business career before World War II as a delivery boy.

Kolko's story is the classic one of the immigrant boy who made good in the New World: but an even more compelling picture of "Jack" Kolko is his mastery of new ever-bigger machines.

A great measure of Speedway's success in a highly competitive business (one which grossed 100 million dollars last year) can be traced to Kolko's passion for bigger machines. He was the first to bring a diesel shovel into the Midwest: and if some inventor thinks up a machine that can lift a city block into the air, Kolko will be the first to buy — for cash. The only piece of equipment Kolko has ever purchased on time was that first diesel shovel, bought in 1934 for about twenty thousand dollars. Kolko's company had the money, but needed it for working capital. So he made an agreement to pay for the shovel in a year, and did it in four months.

Kolko is reluctant to estimate the assets to be found in Speedway's gigantic array of expensive equipment, all owned wholly by the company. But Speedway has a triple-A-one Dun and Bradstreet rating, and Kolko has a fierce pride in the ownership of his machines.

There is, of course, a distinct tactical advantage in owning and directing a field army of wrecking and digging equipment with standing reserves. An example is the case of the pavement removal job on Archer avenue.

Near the airport on Archer, the city wanted some concrete roadway removed. The pavement was eleven to 15 inches thick and 22 feet wide on each side of the streetcar tracks. Another contractor was awarded the job and moved in with two one-and-a-quarter cubic yard shovels. After two weeks of work, less than a thousand feet of only one side of Archer avenue had been removed.

The contractor, behind in his schedule, took to chopping up the concrete roadway with jackhammers. This piecemeal hacking away at Archer avenue proved too slow, too hard and too expensive for the contractor and the highway people. Traffic was tied up on the main artery to Midway airport. The job was then offered to Speedway, which had not bid on the original contract.

KOLKO SENT over one big shovel, of two cubic yards capacity, and a crane mounted on a truck. The crane had a clam-shell bucket. Kolko's technique was to use the big two-yard shovel to get a bite on a slab of concrete. The slab, often 22 by 15 feet, would be lifted into the air and flipped on its back by the shovel, crashing to the ground and breaking into a dozen pieces. The clam-shell crane then scooped the chunks of broken roadway into waiting trucks.

Contractors from all over the city

Speedway's specialty, starting at the top and working down, is just as good for excavations as it is for tall structures. Sidewalk superintendents don't care whether a building is going up or coming down.

came and gawked. Where it had taken the original firm a week to remove 500 feet of concrete from one side of the road, the Speedway men were removing that much from both sides in every eight hour shift.

Speedway has done some of the largest concrete breaking jobs in the world. One, a wrecker's dream and a wrecker's nightmare, was the demolition and removal of all the concrete footways and piers from the site of the Century of Progress exposition. For many months Speedway cranes poked thru the pink and white buildings, often wading out in Lake Michigan to finish their jobs. At the same time, Speedway riggers were swaying 600 feet overhead, taking apart one of the 60-story Sky Ride towers.

There are many instances when taking a building apart calls for more technical knowledge than building one. Recently, a YMCA building at 1804 Congress street had to be razed for the West Side expressway. Kolko's men hoisted a 20-ton crane to the tenth floor, and for days curious onlookers gasped as the big machine bobbed around on the top floor, looking for all the world like a giant bird taking apart a nest.

While much of the wrecking work done by the Speedway men *looks* dangerous, only a small part of the company's work is done under hazardous conditions. When Kolko first got into the wrecking and excavating business, it was a different story. In those days knocking down a building meant removing all support from a wall and yanking it over with a rope. Today the Speedway experts scoff at such caveman tactics. They clear an area long before a wall is structurally unsafe and then, working with a heavy ball on the end of a crane, drop the wall the way an expert woodsman fells a tree.

The NBC-TV *Today* program often sends its remote crews to the scene of a Speedway demolition to televise the final knocking down of the walls. Recently, as Speedway reached the final stages on the old Marshall Field mansion at 1905 Prairie avenue, the NBC cameras were moved into position.

Paul Robinson, the camera director who produces the remote telecasts, recalled later: "We had terrific problems on the Field mansion pickup. For the *Today* show, you've got to do three separate pickups, each an hour apart – one for the eastern time zone, one for the middle hour seen both in the East and the Midwest, and one for the central time zone. Having only one building to knock apart, we were worried that the whole place might fall on the first pickup, leaving us nothing but rubble for the rest of the morning."

Robinson took his problems to Kolko, who turned him over to Bud Ruttenberg, the Speedway executive who works as general field superintendent.

"He took that building apart for us," said Robinson, "as tho we'd built the damn thing just for the *Today* show. We gave him our camera placement and lighting specifications, and he knocked down one wall for the first hour, leaving the others untouched, two walls for the middle hour, and finished the job for the third hour. And," said Robinson, with a director's satisfaction, "he did it on cue."

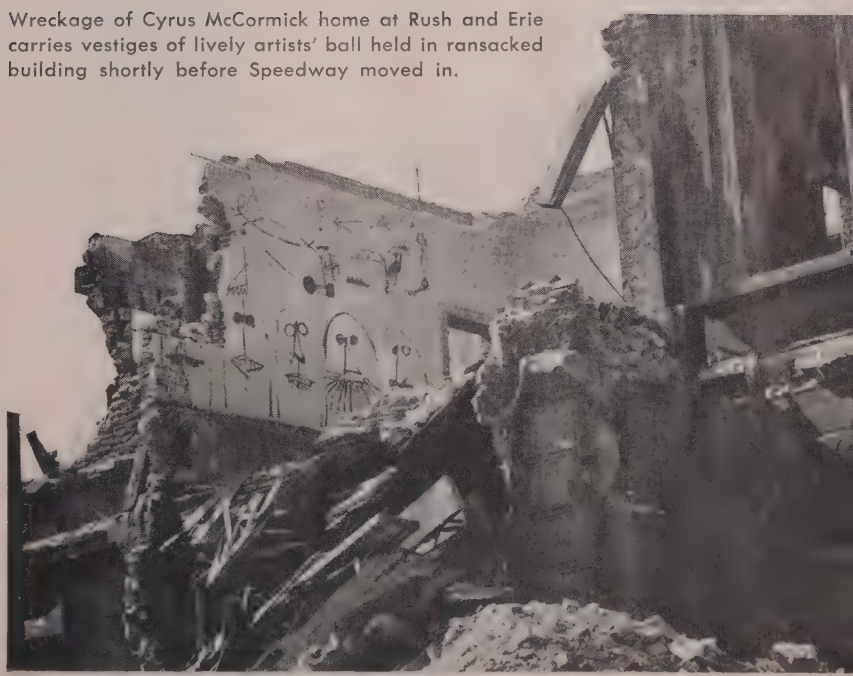
Bud Ruttenberg is a good example of the veteran Speedway employee altho, of course, he has done better than most.

Ruttenberg, who is 39 years old started with Speedway in 1934 as a water boy. He has worked in all the jobs along the way and now serves as Kolko's strong right arm. In train-

Planning and craftsmanship that went into installation of old heating and plumbing systems is nullified by cutting torches and diesel shovels.

photograph by Don Bronst

Wreckage of Cyrus McCormick home at Rush and Erie carries vestiges of lively artists' ball held in ransacked building shortly before Speedway moved in.



Ruttenberg, Kolko always stressed Speedway's main philosophy: get big machines, know how to make them work, and you'll do the job faster and more safely.

KOLKO'S OWN first experience with big machines came in 1916, when he started driving a delivery truck for a wholesale sundries dealer in the 2100 block on Roosevelt road.

Kolko was a good driver and a devoted mechanic, then a highly skilled trade. When World War I arrived, he umped off his delivery truck and enisted. The army, for once, didn't try o make a cook out of a good mechanc. Kolko was bounced back into the lriver's seat of one of the then experimental Caterpillar tractors. He spent he war testing and experimenting vith the new machines, and he came ut of the army with a liberal eduation in automotive engineering.

By 1921 he had his own trucking usiness. In 1923 he was hauling nostly building materials and had a ively side business in used bricks. The next year he bought two truck ranes and Speedway Wrecking was orn. In those days he housed his rucks and cranes in an old garage at aulina and Roosevelt. But the boom was on in building (and, consequently, hauling, excavating and wrecking) and Kolko worked around the clock to see that the young company got its share of the work.

By 1931 Speedway was contracting for such notable jobs as the demolition of the Springfield post office. In 1935 Speedway crews were taking apart such varied structures as the post office building in St. Louis and the ten-story concrete and steel Montgomery Ward building in Trenton, New Jersey.

Then came the Century of Progress, and in 1935 Speedway, by then a

Crane mansion at North avenue and Lake Shore drive was another relic of city's earlier boom period that disappeared under Speedway onslaught.

sprawling young giant of a company, moved out of the bursting old garage at Paulina and Roosevelt to the present headquarters at 2811 Wabash.

Kolko said he can hardly remember all the buildings torn down, the basements dug and the materials hauled by Speedway in the busy decade ending with the war. His favorite job of those days, tho, is the one he calls his "masterpiece." And this opinion is shared by other wreckers.

It was the destruction in 1939 of the old Capitol building, built in 1892 at the northwest corner of Randolph and State. 22 stories of steel and brick that, for a while, had been the tallest building in the world. Kolko tore the building down with his usual speed and efficiency in 59 days, far ahead of schedule. Then he brought in new equipment and dug the sub-basement for a new building.

Digging huge holes has been a Speedway specialty. During the war, on a hurry-up, hush-hush assignment, Kolko rushed men and equipment to the Sault Ste. Marie lock area where, working round the clock, he dug the big ditch for the MacArthur locks. He brought this one in far enough ahead of schedule to merit a government citation.

Digging a hole that big and that fast calls for a lot of planning and organization. These were tested in the truly gigantic job Speedway did on the excavation for the Ridgeland generating station of Commonwealth Edison, located on the river at 43rd street. The biggest basement in the Midwest, this one covers 90 acres. Some of Kolko's foremen had to act as traffic cops to channel the continuous stream of red Speedway trucks that rumbled in and out of the hole for months while teams of bulldozers and shovels scooped out the soft clay.

THE DIRT POSES a disposal problem. Kolko's shovels gouged 450,000 cubic yards of it out from under Michigan avenue in 82 days, another job brought in ahead of schedule for the underground garage. For 82 days Speedway trucks were rolling in a continuous chain, only a few blocks apart, up to Foster avenue and the Lake Shore drive extension. The city was glad to get the clay for fill, but at other times, Speedway has had to pay for dumping. Part of Meigs field is built on land that Speedway made, paying 25 cents a cubic yard for the privilege.

With all the digging, it is not surprising that Speedway occasionally does an accidental archeological job for local historians. When shovels dug down into the Near North Side for the Veterans Administration hospital basement, they found a 100-year-old pier with a barge tied to it. This was the lakefront in 1850.

The ancient pier was found 27 feet below street level. Speedway shovels went beyond it to a depth of 56 feet, taking out 155,000 cubic yards of clay. The job was done so far below street level that Speedway had to assign a bulldozer to full-time maintenance of the roads leading down to the bottom. Two foremen acted as traffic spotters. Forty-six trucks were assigned to cart away the clay gouged out by two mammoth shovels, a crane and three bulldozers. The clay was dumped on the lakefront at Belmont, where Speedway was constructing a breakwater.

Another Speedway specialty is the

Ton-and-a-half steel ball capable of battering down the stoutest wall is symbol of wrecker's destructive power.

toppling of high smokestacks. The demolition men who work for Speedway have an international reputation for knocking over tall chimneys and making them fall exactly as planned. One way to do this (not recommended for amateurs) is to remove the bricks at the base of the chimney carefully, replacing them with wooden timbers. Then burn away the timbers and the chimney will collapse. This was the technique used on the biggest chimney in Illinois, located at 2600 Clybourn. The smokestack was 265 feet high, weighed 4,000 tons and fell exactly as planned.

While much of the Speedway work is of an earth-shaking (and moving) nature, the company has done some jobs requiring great delicacy. One of these was the installation of a thermal diffusion column, three stories high, at the University of Chicago's Kent laboratories. The column is used in measuring the age of objects from antiquity. One of Speedway's high cranes poked its head over the fourth-floor roof of the laboratories and gently lowered the column into place.

Another delicate job was the removal of a 20-foot copper statue of Diana from the top of the 6 North Michigan Avenue building. Diana, standing 400 feet above Grant park, had held a beacon light for the first air mail plane to land here in 1918. When the statue came down, many prominent citizens asked for sections as souvenirs. The statue was cut into 30 pieces to satisfy the requests, including a confidential one for the bosom.

THE STATUE OF DIANA is only one of many landmarks removed by Speedway. The Rialto theater was another, and so was the old Haymarket theater at 716 west Madison, where Will Rogers, the Four Cohans, Sophie Tucker and Harry Houdini had performed.

Also toppled by Speedway was the Grant park peristyle, the collection of Greek columns that used to stand in the north end of Grant park at Randolph and Michigan. A Speedway crane swinging a heavy ball knocked the peristyle down in 55 minutes, to the utter frustration of hundreds of pigeons that wheeled overhead while the work was being done. Speedway also demolished the Mecca flats, the huge slum building at 34th and State.

Whole blocks of the city have fallen under the Speedway hammer. In clearing land for the Jane Addams housing project on the near Southwest Side, one of Jack Kolko's cranes knocked over the gymnasium where he'd gone to night school, many years before. He said he didn't shed a tear.

Great holes have been torn in the Streeterville area of the Near North Side by Speedway wreckers. One large block bounded by Fairbanks, St. Clair, Huron and Erie now is a parking lot, and the block directly to the north was removed to make way for a city garage.

The Congress street superhighway has kept Speedway's wreckers and movers busy for four years. In one year, Speedway razed 400 buildings for the expressway, better than a building a day.

A phase of the company's business which is small in the over-all revenue picture but large in public interest is the sale of salvaged materials from the wrecked buildings.

In the great majority of cases, the structures razed yield little but rubble and perhaps some lumber to be bought by farmers for use in building sheds and fences.

When Speedway wrecks one of the old mansions, however, the decorators and souvenir hunters come out in force. Collecting fragments of the great houses has become a thriving hobby in the past few years.

Carved woodwork, paneling, stained glass, light fixtures, doors, marble fireplaces, ironwork and even toilets have been snapped up by eager mansion fans. In several cases, huge pipe organs have been included in the salvage.

The usual procedure is for Speedway to open the house for inspection by buyers for a week or two before any wrecking is done. Interested parties are asked to make an offer for anything they want — from a single cabinet door to a whole room of wainscoting. Dickering then takes place until a price is agreed on and the bargain recorded.

After all the selling has been done, the buyers are invited to come and remove their purchases themselves, so that the firm is not responsible for any damage to the relics. After the building is denuded of treasures, the actual wrecking begins.

Occasionally, if a hurry-up job is required, Speedway will have its own men remove the salable material from a mansion and then sell it at the yard.

In at least one case the company was spared the necessity of selling anything. The Cyrus McCormick house at Rush and Erie stood empty so long that it was thoroly vandalized over a period of months. Then a wild masked ball was held on the premises shortly before Speedway was to move in. After the ball was over nothing was left but the floors and the walls.

Among the best sellers to mansion collectors have been the Edith Rockefeller McCormick castle at 1000 Lake Shore drive and the Crane house at North avenue and the drive.

SPEEDWAY'S knowledge of structure has come to the aid of the fire department a thousand times. On innumerable occasions firemen have been withdrawn from a burning building until the Speedway equipment arrived either to knock down or shore up a dangerous wall. Speedway has a virtual monopoly on this kind of work, for a number of reasons.

For one thing, the "equipment-in-depth" policy of Speedway means that the company has the proper kind of wrecking or salvage equipment on hand; and it will release equipment and men from other jobs for the relatively profitless emergency work.

His longtime friend, Fire Commissioner Anthony Mullaney, said of Jack Kolko: "Over the years, he has never refused a request from me to come to the aid of the city. He will come at any time and work around the clock until the job is done. In many instances when he assisted in extricating fire victims, whatever compensation he received he donated back to the families of the deceased. He is the most unselfish man I know."

Mullaney and Kolko have worked together on such jobs as the $2,000,000 five-eleven and five special alarm fire that raged in 1944 thru the Rosenbaum Brothers grain elevators in South Chicago. While Mullaney's men were fighting the blaze in one elevator, Kolko's were taking out undamaged grain in another.

In 1950, Speedway equipment was rushed to 63rd and State, where 33 died in a street car-oil truck accident. In 1953 Speedway did monumental work at the Haber corporation plant, 908 North avenue, where 34 persons died. During the past year Speedway cranes have rumbled thru the night to a series of disastrous Skid Row hotel fires.

Back in 1948, on a cold January afternoon, an explosion rocked the Provus Furniture company building at 600 north La Salle. Kolko responded to an urgent call from Mullaney. There were people trapped alive in the wreckage. Kolko and his men stayed thru the freezing night and worked 14 hours clearing wreckage. In the fourteenth hour they took out a man who was still alive. Two years ago Mullaney and Kolko took the man to lunch.

Once a friend asked Kolko why he worked so hard on emergency jobs for the city. Kolko's reply was, "Why shouldn't I? Chicago's been good to me."

And in his own Paul Bunyan way, Jack Kolko has been good to Chicago.

Handbook for Horseplay

Introducing the turf and the tote to those whose acquaintance is not mutuel

by Alan Whitney

Horse racing is the most esoteric of major sports.

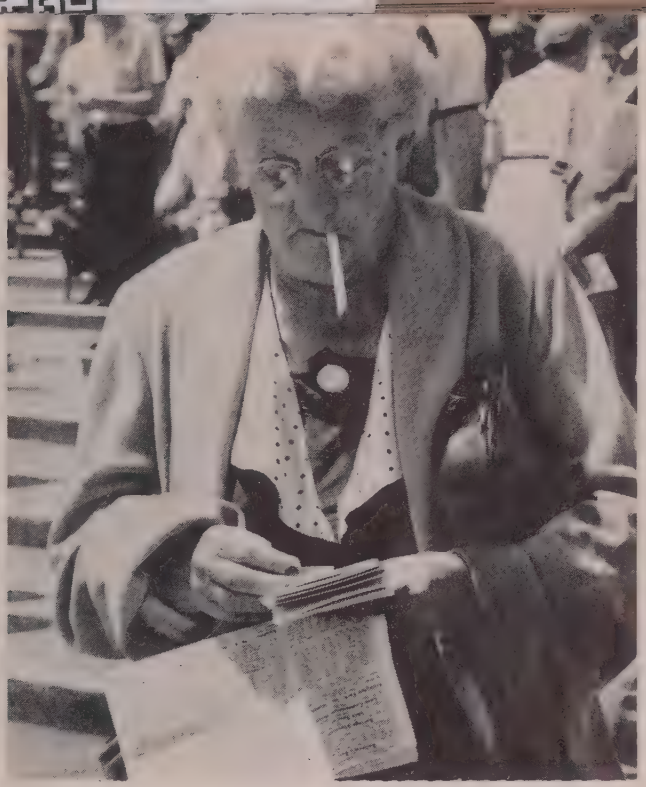
Nearly every natural-born citizen has some familiarity with the rules, techniques and terminology of baseball, football, basketball, golf and tennis. But only to followers of the ruef, or the sport of kings, as it is called with equal measures of inaccuracy, are the following truths self-evident.

A maiden may be a horse of either sex. A field need not have an ounce of soil. A double bug valuey does not come into the track astride two centipedes. The mutuel needs no chemistry and is deliberately equipped with puddles. Breakage, far from being deplored, is held in high esteem by track owners and by the state.

While this knowledge is limited to a specific group, that group is not a small one. Last year Arlington park, the city's most popular track, had an average daily attendance of 19,461, far in excess of the rate of patronage at either of the local ball parks.

Racing is not, of course, entirely unknown to the general public. Most people have probably heard that there was a horse named Man o' War and a good share of the population watches the Kentucky Derby on television every year. But generally speaking

photographs by Don Bronstein



acing is followed either avidly or not all.

This singular cleavage between the olicitous and the indifferent is not ard to explain. Racing is unique in eing neither a spectator nor a partici-ation sport. Most children do not row up with racing, and the funda-ental reason why they do not do so that the schools are not equipped ith pari-mutuel machines.

Racing on the scale of the present ay is unthinkable without the mutuel etting system, and if it is still a ort of kings at all, the crowned eads are inanimate ones atop the achines that issue tickets to the agering public. Racing is a betting ort, and going to the tracks merely watch the horses run is a practice prevalent as taking a shower in a incoat.

Horse racing of one kind or another as been going on as long as there ve been horses to run and people to rce them to do so and make wagers the outcome. The modern type, owever, had its beginnings in 17th ntury England, when the monarchs gan staging races and awarding izes to the winners.

Racing began to flourish in the nited States after the Civil War, but imarily as a social sport subsidized d attended by the well-to-do. ound the turn of the century pres-re from anti-gambling crusaders re-lted in repressive legislation in many ates. There was practically no racing all in Illinois from 1905 to 1921.

Contemporary racing dates from the 1920s and 30s, the period which witnessed the introduction of its companion and provider, the mutuel betting system.

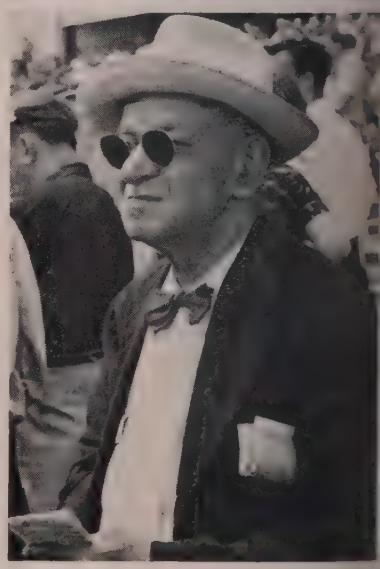
The man behind the mutuels was Pierre Oller, a Parisian perfume maker who, one day in the mid-19th century, got an idea nearly as revolutionary as knocking down the Bastille. Until that time betting had been done solely with bookmakers who arbitrarily set the odds as low as they could, consistent with keeping up a steady trade. Oller decided to let the players themselves determine the odds. He sold tickets on each horse in a race at a uniform rate. Then he extracted a modest percentage of the pool as compensation for the neglect of his perfume business. After that he divided the remainder equally among the holders of tickets on the winning horse. If many of the customers held such tickets, their individual payoffs would be relatively small; as the number of fortunate bets decreased, the rewards to the winners would rise.

Oller's system became so popular that it was installed at the Paris tracks, which used machines to record and total the bets. Some of the mutuel devices were brought to this country late in the century. Oller had called his invention the "Paris mutuels." The term was contracted here to pari-mutuel and now just "mutuel" is generally considered sufficient.

THE MUTUEL machines weren't an immediate American success, partly because they would take no wager lower than $5, a minimum not likely to attract mass patronage under the economic conditions that prevailed. Furthermore, the mutuel system was still in its infancy, and it remained for another foreigner in a place far removed from Paris to project it into adolescence.

A New Zealand blacksmith, attempting to develop a voting machine, instead contrived a device found more useful for measuring the popularity of race horses. He invented the totalisator, also known now as the totalizator or totalizer or tote. The current version of the tote is a vastly complicated computer which issues tickets on horses thru hundreds of individual machines, keeps a running score of the amount bet on each horse and a total for the race, and flashes this information on a board in front of the grandstands, along with the odds, for the guidance of the bettors at the track. The first fully automatic tote system was installed at Arlington Park, near Arlington Heights, in 1933.

Even with the invention and gradual improvement of the totalisator, one more bit of non-Yankee ingenuity was required to give the mutuel system full stature and complete the foundation for modern American horse racing. Just before the first world war a government official in Transvaal visited a track where a tote was in operation. Noting that the park was deducting a percentage of the pool to finance its operations, he reasoned that the state might well do the same. Governments thruout the world soon



saw the wisdom of his stand, and in only a few years American legislatures were falling all over themselves in passing laws to legalize racing with mutuel betting at the tracks. The trend was accelerated when the depression brought revenue problems. Now 25 states sanction racing, the great majority of them having mutuel betting.

There are seven race tracks in Illinois, five of them around Chicago, and the greatest of these are Arlington Park and Washington Park, which is in Homewood. Arlington and Washington are commonly owned and are regarded as among the half-dozen best tracks in the country on the basis of size, facilities, purses paid and class of horses attracted. They are without peers among summer tracks. The horses run at Arlington thru July and then shift to Washington.

Both tracks were built in the late twenties, about the same time the state legislature legalized racing and mutuel betting.

A first-class race track like Arlington or Washington is a community unto itself, complete with restaurants, bars, living quarters for jockeys and trainers as well as horses—even barber shops and key clubs of a sort for society players.

The long grandstands each seat about 30,000 people. They run along one straightaway on the outside of the oval track. Last year Arlington and Washington both installed escalator systems. Arlington has 16 of the moving stairways, the largest number in any sports building. Both tracks possess huge, cheap parking lots and direct rail service from the Loop.

The most important thing about any track, however, is its circulatory system, the totalisator. The capillaries of this network are the betting windows. On a busy day a big track will have as many as 250 of them in operation.

A horse may be bet to win, to place or to show — to finish first, second or third. Tickets are sold in denominations of $2, $5, $10, $50 and $100. Each window is marked as to position and amount — $2 win, $10 show, etc. The player tells the clerk the number of the horse he is betting on and how many tickets he wants, and hands over the necessary currency. The clerk then punches the proper keys on the mutuel machine and the tickets jump out of a slot as they do at a movie box office. They are printed individually as they are sold, and they carry distinctive

rkings to discourage competitive oduction.

As the tickets are sold the machine nsmits to the totalisator the identity the horse bet and the amount. The ney bet to win goes into one pool, e place money into another and the w money into a third.

Special windows are provided for mbination or "across-the-board" bet-g. At these the player may bet a rse to win, to place and to show, th one ticket costing a minimum of dollars. The machine apportions e bet equally to the pools.

While the betting is going on, for ut 25 minutes before each race, e totalisator continuously tabulates e amount of money bet on each rse in each of three pools. These ures are shown on the tote board, ng array of lighted numbers which es the grandstand from the infield he area surrounded by the track. so shown are the approximate odds each horse to win. If, for example, horse finished first at odds of five one, the holder of a $2 win ticket him would receive $12 – $5 for h $1 he bet, plus the return of his stake. Place and show odds are not wn but can be estimated by com-ring the amount bet on the horse th the total in the pool.

Every 90 seconds the tote board rkens for an instant and then new als are shown. This procedure con-ues until the horses actually start ning. At that point a button is shed and all of the mutuel ma-ines are locked automatically so that more tickets can be issued.

A few seconds after the horses are rted the final tote figures are shown a board in the track's accounting m. The percentage of each pool to kept by the track and the state are ducted by accountants. At Chicago cks the management retains eight r cent of the total and the state es six per cent. The remaining 86 r cent is for distribution to the ttors.

As soon as the result of the race is icial, the numbers of the first three rses are relayed to the accounting m and mathematicians figure the yoffs.

This is how the win pool would be tributed: Suppose there were six rses in the race; $10,000 was bet on rse A to win, $4,000 on horse B, ,000 on horse C, $12,000 on horse $14,000 on horse E and $13,000 horse F. The total win pool would $60,000. After the track and the te had taken their 14 per cent, or .400, the remainder would be 1,600. If horse A won, his backers uld get back their $10,000 plus ires of the other money in the pool in proportion to their bets. Dividing $41,600 by $10,000, the winnings would be $4.16 to the dollar, or $8.32 for $2.

The holder of a $2 ticket would be able, in theory, to redeem it for $10.32, his winnings plus the original price of the ticket. Actually, he would receive only $10.20, because this is where the breakage would come into play. Not wishing to overburden the player with pennies, tracks pay off in round figures. In Illinois the payments are in steps of 20 cents to a $2 ticket. And the figure is broken off to the lowest, rather than the nearest 20 cents. Thus any payoff which figured between $10.20 and $10.39 would be made as $10.20. The breakage is divided equally by the state and the tracks. Last year the odd pennies added up to $2,274,523.75 for the Illinois season as a whole. A whimsical horse owner thinking about figures like these once named a colt Breakage. But Breakage never became involved with any breakage; he never finished in the money.

If horse B or horse C had won the hypothetical race just run they would have paid higher prices, since there would have been more losing money to divide among fewer winning tickets. If any of the other horses had won, the payoff would have been less than $10.20.

The place pool is figured in the same manner as the win pool except that it is shared by the first two horses. The holder of a place ticket collects if his horse runs either first or second. After the state and the track have taken their 14 per cent, the place money bet on losers is split in half and the two amounts are divided among the first and second horses. The payoffs are not likely to be equal, of course. The horse on which the smaller amount was bet will provide the bigger return.

The first, second and third place horses divide the show pool in thirds after the "take" is deducted by track and state.

As soon as the prices are determined they are flashed on the tote board in ratio of the payoff on a $2 ticket. Later, on a blackboard under the grandstand, the prices for larger tickets are inscribed for those players who are unable or unwilling to calculate them.

In the great majority of cases the first horse will pay more for a "straight," or win, ticket than for a place bet. This is true partly because there is usually more money in the win pool and partly because he doesn't have to share it. For the same reasons, place prices usually exceed show prices.

A special method of betting is the daily double, whose purpose is to stimulate wagering on the first and second races. The horses which run in these events are usually young and even less predictable than their elders, causing the more serious bettors to leave them alone.

In betting the daily double, a player picks a horse in each of the races and he wins only if both horses finish first. There is no place or show betting in this pool. The bets are tabulated separately from the tote so that they do not influence the odds in the regular pools.

PAYOFFS are likely to be high since there are so many possible combinations of winners. The all-time record for a daily double payoff was set at Washington park in 1939 – $10,722.40 for a $2 ticket. A visitor from downstate held the only ticket sold on the winning horses.

The highest price ever paid for a straight bet on a single horse was $1,885, at a Kentucky track in 1912.

More than $195,000,000 was bet on horses in Illinois last year—$2,558,935 in a single day at Arlington Park. The average bet per person per day at Washington was $71.47 and the average per race, $8.54.

While nearly 86 per cent of the money bet is returned to the players in each race, the crowd does not take home such a healthy proportion of what it came with. Money is bet over and over again, with the state and the track taking their cut each time it goes thru the machines. It has been estimated that the total mutuel handle will average about four times the betting capital of the players. Thus they will leave with less than half of what they brought for wagering purposes.

In addition to taking six per cent of the mutuel handle and half of the breakage, the state charges each track a daily license fee of $2,500, levies a 20 per cent tax on admissions, and licenses jockeys, trainers, grooms and practically anybody else who shows his face around the track. The state also takes what is known as the "out" money. Either because new fans don't understand the mutuel system or because people throw away tickets before they are sure of the result of a race, a large number of winning tickets is left uncashed every year. This happens despite the vigilance of that breed of track character known as the

"stooper," who goes around picking up discarded tickets in the hope of finding a good one.

The state keeps the "out" money in a fund and stands ready to redeem any winning tickets that turn up, even years after the race has been run. Last year the "out" money totaled $114,726.80.

The state's total revenue from all forms of taxes on racing in 1954 was $13,990,810.11.

Altho the democratizing influence of the mutuels has made racing a mass sport, the rich continue to play a vital role in its preservation, because the thing can't be brought off at all without horses. The breeding of racers is costly and rarely profitable.

In addition to their abstention from betting on people, horses have other eccentricities. For one thing, equine commercial sex finds the female paying the male for the privilege. Stallions are considered far more important than mares in determining the quality of the offspring, and their prices run as high as $5,000 per romance.

Another peculiarity of the breed is that all horses celebrate their birthdays on January 1. By racing standards, a horse born any time in 1952 became a year old on the first day of 1953 and is now a three-year old. This uniformity is enforced because horses of the same age usually run against each other, and it would be awkward to have them changing classification in the middle of a season.

There are five kinds of horses: fillies, mares, colts, stallions and geldings. Fillies are young lady horses and mares are mature ones. Colts are young man horses and stallions are their older brothers. Geldings are former male horses. Around the tracks only stallions are called horses, the others being referred to as whatever they are. At the age of five, fillies turn into mares and colts become stallions. Geldings remain geldings. They are usually less temperamental than other horses and often continue racing after the mares and stallions have been retired for breeding purposes. Few runners are allowed to mate while they are still racing, but there have been instances where pregnant mares not only ran but won. Most horses begin deteriorating when they're about six and very few race as late as their ninth year.

In addition to being of five kinds, horses are also of two kinds: sprinters and routers. Sprinters run races of from two furlongs to a mile, a furlong being an eighth of a mile, and routers go more than a mile, sometimes as far as four miles. Two-year-olds run exclusively in sprints and most of them remain sprinters as they grow older. Only the better horses become routers.

Besides being of five kinds and two kinds, horses are also of five other kinds, according to the type of races they usually run in. Handicap horses run in handicap races, stakes horses in stakes races, allowance horses in allowance races, maidens in maiden races and platers in claiming races.

Most handicaps are for quality horses three years old and up. The handicapper retained by the track assigns them varying weights to carry, with the theoretical purpose of giving all an equal chance to win.

A stake (short for sweepstake) is a race for the top horses two or three years old — but never for both at the same time. The owners of the horses have to pay large entry fees and the track then adds a handsome sum to create a big purse. Most handicaps also have these financial arrangements.

An allowance race is similar to a handicap, except that weights are based strictly on the horses' past records, rather than the handicapper's estimate of their talents.

CLAIMING RACES are for the poorest and most numerous horses, and their purpose is to allow these platers (so called because minor races were once run for silver plates instead of money) to run among their peers without having a better horse butt in and take the money.

Any horse which runs in a claiming race is automatically for sale at a price specified in the conditions of the race. A horseman wishing to buy him drops a check for the proper amount into a box before the race. Altho the box isn't opened until the race is over, the claim, if any, is effective as soon as the horse steps on the track. If he shares in the purse, however, the money goes to the original owner. If more than one claim is filed, the various claimants draw lots.

On one occasion 14 claims were filed for a horse that broke a leg during the race and had to be destroyed. The "winner" of the draw had to buy the dead horse for the standard price and then pay for having his carcass removed from the track.

A maiden is any horse that has never won, and special races are held for them so that one has to lose its maidenhood. In 1933 a maiden won the Kentucky Derby and then went back to losing for the rest of his career.

Further variety is introduced into racing programs in a great number of ways. For example, special weight considerations are given female horses and those which are ridden by apprentice jockeys. Junior riders are so designated on the race program. The least experienced ones are mark with two asterisks and are therefo called "double bug" jockeys.

In some races it is possible to cov several horses with a single bet. Mo of the time the number of contestar is limited to twelve because that's that can be handled by the tote sy tem. In case more are allowed, all those numbered from twelve up a considered one for betting purpose And if two or more horses having th same owner or trainer run, they a called an "entry" and are also play by a single bet.

Both Arlington and Washingt Parks have turf (grass) courses i side their regular dirt tracks and r a race or two a day on that surfac The Arlington-Washington manag ment has been developing its plan into the leaders of American turf ra ing. Last year the Arlington Handic was transferred to grass, as the riche race ever run on that surface. Th season Washington's American Derb will become the first of the big thre year-old stakes to unfold on the tu Turf racing is common in Englan but it is relatively rare in this countr

Another Arlington-Washington di tinction is the fact that these are th only local tracks, and among the fe in the country, that admit children accompanied, of course, by their sir and/or dams. Of the tracks that c allow human colts and fillies inside several have secluded playgrounds b yond which they must not venture. Arlington and Washington the j veniles are allowed to canter freel One of their favorite activities is co lecting discarded mutuel tickets ar carrying them around in Davy Croc ett hats.

Adults carry around the offici track program, which lists the types races, the horses running and th morning line odds on each contesta to win. The morning line is a pr diction by the handicapper of th odds that will finally be establishe by the betting public. At the botto of the page are the mutuel ratings the handicapper's own opinion as which horses will do best.

Final preparations for a race beg about half an hour before it is sche uled to start. The horses are broug out of the stables and into the pa dock, an open area where playe can gaze at them under the delusi that this will help them predict t result.

Then the betting begins and t zeroes on the tote board turn to uni then tens, hundreds, thousands a ten thousands. Ten minutes before p (starting) time, a bugle call is sound and the horses saunter onto the tra and make their way leisurely towa

the starting gate.

The gate is a row of stalls on wheels. In a sprint it is usually located on the opposite side of the track from the grandstand. The finish line is fixed in front of the stands and the gate moved around according to the distance to be run. The main tracks at Arlington and Washington are each a mile and an eighth long. If the distance of the race approximates that figure, the start takes place in front of the stands.

When all of the horses are in position, the starter presses a button that opens the fronts of the stalls. They're off. But instead of saying that, the announcer at Arlington and Washington yells: "Theerrre-theeyyee go!"

THE HORSES run very rapidly toward the finish line, (a five-furlong race lasts about a minute) with the announcer keeping the crowd informed as to how they're doing. They go up the backstretch (the straightaway on the opposite side from the stands), around the far turn and then head for home. When they hit the home stretch everyone shouts madly, no matter which horse is ahead or which ones are threatening to overtake him. Then the numbers come into view and specific instructions are yelled to the participants or their jockeys. As the horses cross the finish line the announcer tells which ones finished in the money — unless it's a photo finish, which it often is.

In that case a red sign saying "photo" flashes on the tote board. Photo finishes have been occuring since 1936, when the first cameras were installed. Before that it was up to the judges to call them as they crossed the line. The arbiters nearly always picked a winner and there were very few dead heats (ties). Now there are hundreds every year.

As soon as the outcome of the race is determined the names of the first four finishers are flashed on the board and a red "official" sign lights up. The fourth one is listed because he shares in the purse, tho his backers do not get in on any of the betting pools. Soon after that the mutuel payoffs are posted. The winners head for the 100-odd cashiers' windows. The losers bury their heads in the programs or peruse them with renewed determination. Then the tote board is cleared and the whole procedure starts over again.

There are all kinds of pat systems for betting races, some simple and some complex, and none of them has ever been profitable over an extended period of time.

Presumably the safest of these is the most conservative — always bet favorites to show. The percentage is against winning, of course, but it is also against losing very fast. Over a period of time the percentage is better on picking the same horses to win. They will win more than a third as often as they will show, and the win payoffs will average more than three times the figures for show.

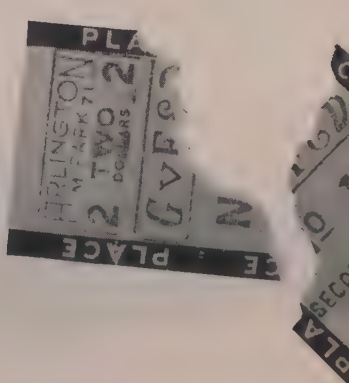
Perhaps the most foolish simple system is progression betting. This plan calls for betting favorites and doubling up after each loss. If a $2 bet loses, $4 is played; if that is lost, $8 goes on the next race, and so on. The idea is that when the win finally comes it will cover all of the past losses.

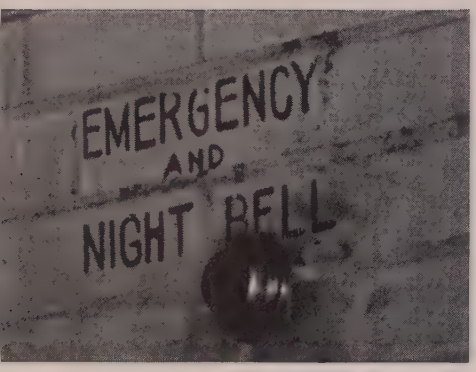
This system would have been found sorely wanting at Arlington in 1946, when 21 races in a row were won by horses other than the favorite. The player would have had to put down $4,195,104 on number 22, and then hope the odds weren't too low.

A FEW PEOPLE beat the horses consistently, and they do so by being lucky and intelligent and making it a full-time job, figuring each race as an individual problem. A lot of others lose a little bit and feel well compensated in sunshine and thrills and the satisfaction that accompanies helping the state government to meet its budget.

One absolutely certain way to lose money on the races is by playing the choices of the public handicappers, the prophets whose selections appear in racing editions of the newspapers. Every survey ever taken has confirmed this statement, and most of them have indicated that the public, as heard thru the track odds, is more reliable.

One day last summer there were foregathered in the Post and Paddock club at Arlington the wives of three publishers, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. John S. Knight and Mrs. Maryland McCormick. They had a wonderful idea. Instead of betting, they would place their capital in a pool. Each would list the selections of her paper's best handicapper, and the one with the most winners would take the pool. At the end of the day the pool was divided equally among the participants. None of them had had any winners.





emergency ward

where man's humanity to man is the dramatic routine

by James Cummings

8:30 p.m. Dr. Lorris Bowers, 24, intern on duty in the emergency room at Henrotin hospital, stares at his fingernails as Officer Mike Brosnan snorts on about this being his 27th year in the East Chicago avenue district and 25th on the paddy wagon and then "thim nimnies take me off the paddy 'cause they say I'm gettin' too old." He mutters to himself and then falls silent, spotlighted beneath the single large ceiling lamp and, with his too-small cap perched on his forehead, his ruddy nose, veined cheeks and considerable stomach, looking like a 35th District Micawber.

8:35 Officer Brosnan smacks a fly on his knee and student nurse Rozak jumps. At that instant, the rear doors of the hospital opening onto the emergency driveway are pushed open and a Puerto Rican appears, holding a young boy. The boy's eyes are wide and white with fear. His right hand is wrapped in a towel thru which blood seeps and drops to the floor.

Nurse Rozak beckons the father to a corner of the room. She seats the boy, unwraps the makeshift bandage, laves his hand with a wet cloth, then puts it into a basin filled with a soapy solution. Officer Brosnan is taking data from the father for the accident report which the hospital must complete. Name of boy, George Melisio. Age 12. Student. Cut hand with file while playing with sister.

Lorris Bowers goes over to the boy, squats in front of him and asks if it hurts. The boy shakes his head. Bowers continues to talk in a low tone, smiling, reassuring, the word "trust" cropping up often. He takes out the hand and examines it. Flesh is gouged out in an area about two-thirds of an inch across on the palm. Bowers turns to the nurse and eyes the emergency table.

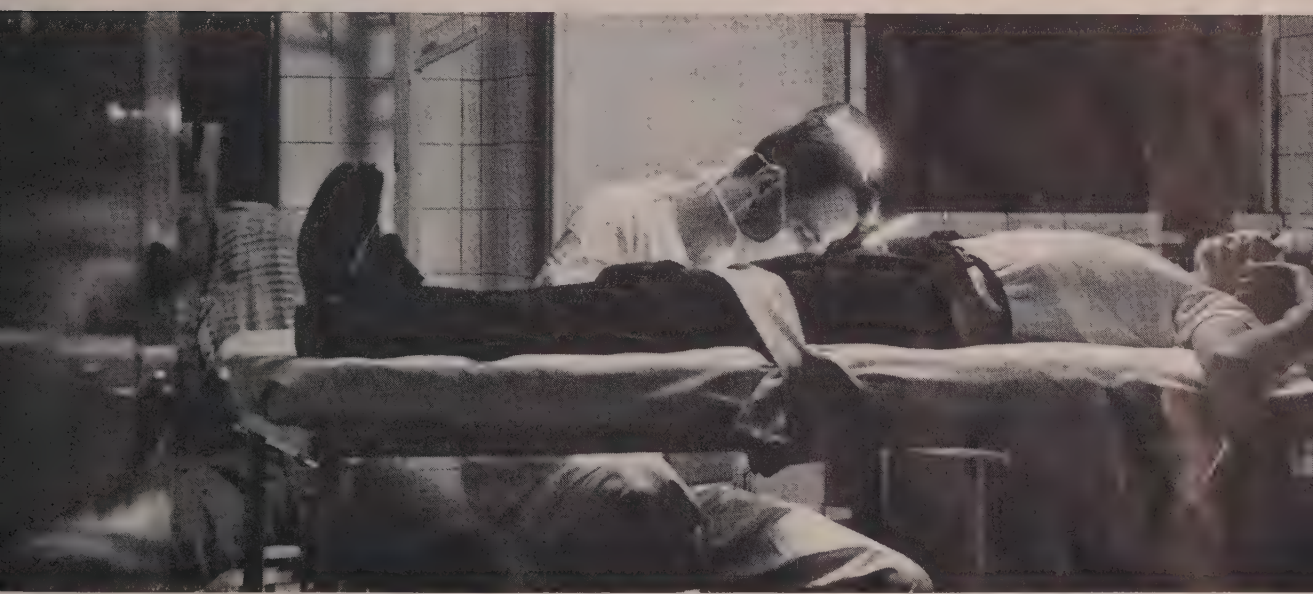
8:50. George lies on his back on the emergency table, his right hand extended on a small table. The hand is covered with towels except for an area about four inches wide over the cut. A local anesthetic has been injected. Bowers says, "Look the other way, over there." The boy turns his head slowly but keeps looking back gingerly at the formation of glinting objects that seem all sharp edges and points. The father, standing at the head of the table, lays a big hand gently on the boy's head, holding it still.

9:07. The suturing is over. George's hand is being wrapped up by the nurse. Bowers, drying his hands, stands by and jokes but the boy still can't find a smile. His father comes over, receives instructions from Bowers and retrieves his son. They walk out, George, still wooden, holding the bandaged hand in front like an ice cream cone.

Lorris Bowers sits down at the desk near the door and picks up a medical textbook. The desk lamp plays angular

Snatching a quick smoke during a post-midnight lull, Dr. Lorris Bowers leans against blood-splashed wall.

Young and old, rich and poor, sophisticates and slum dwellers — all find the same competent hands behind the doors of the emergency room at Henrotin hospital.



shadows over his thin, clean-cut features. His pale face reflects the white hospital coat in the glare of the lamp.

His home is Dakota, Illinois, near Freeport. He took his pre-med at the University of Illinois at Urbana, came to the university medical school in Chicago in 1951. He was assigned to Henrotin for his internship, has been on emergency duty since November of 1953. He thinks he will go into surgery or general practice, probably the latter. He doesn't like Chicago — "too much big city" — but doesn't want to practice in Freeport. "When you go back to the home town, you're not Doctor Bowers, you're 'that Bowers boy from out at Dakota.' "

He and his wife, a Freeport girl, live in a medical residence building near County hospital.

A lake breeze prods the stiff curtains. Miss Rozak checks contents of porcelain canisters labeled "masks," "brushes," "dressings," "cotton," "towels," "small dressings." They are grouped around the room on shelves and over twin sinks on the north wall.

Bowers jots a note in the margin of the book. Thru the echoing corridors, the front door of the hospital can be heard opening and closing.

9:40. A policeman enters, leading in a short, well-muscled man. Straight hair hangs down over his forehead and he frequently raises a hand to brush it away from his eyes. The policeman, as tho knowing the routine from experience, leads the man to a seat, stands away and says, "Show the doc." The man carefully turns up the right sleeve of his summer shirt to disclose a severe bruise or abrasion at the upper part of the biceps just below the shoulder. The policeman says, "He runs a saloon on Clark. Seems some guy got too much liquor and started to rattle the furniture around. This guy goes out from behind the bar to quiet him. The drunk goes crazy and starts to bite him in the jugular vein in the neck. This guy fights him off but the drunk manages to get a good bite on his arm. That right? —" at the man.

The other nods, his eyes on Bowers' probing fingers. The intern takes from the nurse a basin containing a cleansing solution and dabs the wound. He steps back a pace and, in a half-crouch, examines the wound again. He straightens up and points. "There is nothing," he says in his soft voice, "so likely to

As the policeman gets the facts of the accident from his father, George Melisio soaks his hand and ponders the awful possibilities of the coming moments. When they arrive, his father stands worriedly by him.

cause infection as a bite. It's dangerous. Do you have a doctor?" The man says no.

Bowers bandages his arm and advises him to return in the morning. The man walks swiftly out with the policeman. They brush past a tiny Puerto Rican woman dressed in a sweater and dungarees, who enters carrying a little girl wearing sleepers.

10:10. The little girl sits on the emergency table with a leg extended in Bowers' hands. The mother, standing behind the table with her hands on the child's waist, says that the girl had complained of a pain in her left ankle during the day, wasn't able to walk comfortably, and just now had awakened in pain and wasn't able to walk at all. And she doesn't know how she got hurt. Bowers feels here and there, testing the ankle. The little girl cries out. At the intern's direction, the nurse brings an elastic bandage, and as he wraps the ankle and foot, Bowers instructs the mother that it may or may not be broken, that she must have an X-ray taken in the morning.

10:26. Bowers picks up a pack of cigarets from the desk. He starts toward the door, saying, "I'll step out in back for a little brea— " when two Negroes push thru the outer doors and into the emergency room. One half-supports the other, whose face streams blood. Bowers steps quickly to the man's other side and guides him to the table as Nurse Rozak stands ready with wet towels and lengths of heavy gauze to bathe his face.

The two bring with them the aroma of alcohol. The unhurt one stands at the head of the table as the nurse washes off the blood. He says, with an air of great earnestness, "I looked out of my window and there you were in the street. I'd like to know what happened to you. Why, look, you weren't so badly beaten up. Just a few scratches."

The man has a deep slash over his upper lip, another in his cheek and one more at the corner of his ear. His rescuer continues:

"I had just come downstairs to get one bottle of beer and there you were in the street. Your face seemed familiar. I couldn't let you lie there. I don't care about any conditions existing in the eyes of the law — I live under the law of God —I don't care how beautiful women get or how big men get — if you are born you shall surely die. I'm from Virginia. Where are you from?" From the table, faintly: "New York." "Say that again, once more — I can always tell a New Yorker by the way he talks . . . "

Bowers, masked, motions the man away from the table. The nurse rolls up the instrument table, then lays over the injured man's face a sterile towel with an aperture to work thru. The man groans and reaches for the towel. Bowers warns him not to touch it, to keep his hands at his sides or they will have to bind him. As Bowers turns to the instrument tray, the man's hands grope to the towel and under it. With the first hint of impatience in his voice, Bowers says, "You must *not* touch this; now we have to get another towel."

At this moment, a car pulls up in the driveway and a steady red flashing reflects off the window sill. Car doors slam, and then two policemen enter with a handsome, well-dressed Negro in tow. He is bleeding behind the right ear and his right hand is covered with blood which drips on the floor in an almost continuous flow.

The nurse quickly seats him on the stool, wipes as much of the blood off as possible, wraps the hand in towels, and returns to her post by the instrument stand. Bowers goes on with the job of suturing the other patient's face.

The policemen come up to the young man to finish getting the story he had been telling them in the squad car. He has a good job with a cosmetics manufacturer, had stopped on his way home at a saloon near Wells and Oak. He had had a beer, then had asked a girl for a dance. He left shortly thereafter and had walked out to the sidewalk when a man ran up behind him and hit him on the head with a full bottle of beer. When he turned, his attacker whipped out a knife. Reaching up to ward off the blow, the young man's hand caught the impact of the knife thrust.

The outer doors open again. Four people come as far as the emergency room door, one woman wringing her hands. They are the young man's aunt and her husband and another couple, friends of his. The aunt's husband says to the policemen, "I saw who did it." One of them replies, "You can show him to us," and the three leave.

The young man's eyes are half closed now and he begins to weave on his seat. Miss Rozak beckons to another nurse and asks her to bring in another table. It is pushed in hurriedly and placed parallel to the other. The two nurses rush to the patient's side as he is about to topple over and

emergency ward

small Puerto Rican woman stumbles in out of the night and looks around xiously for someone to aid her sobbing daughter.

half push, half carry him to the table. They both tend to his wounds.

The policemen return — the corner of Wells and Oak is only a block west of the hospital. They usher into the room a short, thin Negro with very round shoulders and a heavy wool cap pulled down over his ears. He is shaking, yet his legs are like boards as he walks. Holding him one to each elbow, they bring him alongside the table and ask the young man, "Is this the one?" There is silence in the room as he scans the other's face. Then he shakes his head. The policemen release the other and say to him, "Okay." The thin fellow walks quickly to the door, babbling excitedly with the release of tension.

Bowers finishes his work, removes the towels and applies bandages. As the first man groggily descends from the table, one of the policemen asks, "Where'd you get that?" "Oak and Wells," he mumbles.

The policemen look at each other. They seat the man and go after the details of his accident. He tells them that he knows nothing, he was hit from behind, and he ends his statement by giving an address which one of the police immediately claims is false. The man repeatedly denies a connection with the young man on the other table and, when he's brought over, the young man cannot identify him. He is released.

Bowers moves his activities to the second table. The four in the corridor are still there. The man who is a friend of the boy declares that he will "get" the one who committed the assault. He is garbed in dapper dark blue slacks and jacket, sport shirt and blue suede shoes. He refers to a personal working knowledge of the activities at the saloon and describes "the goings-on" which led to this assault. His wife leans behind his back and winks at the other woman.

12:15. Bowers lights a cigaret and leans against the wall in the alley

photographs by William Miller

emergency ward

late at night the doors to the emergency room swing more frequently as violence explodes in the darkened streets. The intern or duty cops with slashed hands, torn arms and a man who has been beaten so badly that his consciousness must be tested by flashing a light before his eyes.

outside the rear entrance to the hospital.

"This thing I notice one really has got used to anything. My own parents, I guess, is why I never had a stomach ache for eleven months. Finally it goes to burning pretty good one night about 4 a.m. and he decides that he might be going to die, so he comes over here where I have my place to eat and he's got a bit of rest."

12:35. The nurse has put some band aids on mom and is examining some schedules and bulletins on the board behind the desk when a man appears at the doorway. He is an Italian. Blood runs a gash beneath his mouth has smeared over his face and dashed his shirt.

Bowers and the nurse guide him to one of the tables. As Bowers presses his shoulders to make him sit, the man struggles, screaming, "Don't hit me." The nurse brings up a basin and says, "Now, now, dear." The Italian does sit and Bowers quickly.

As arriving policemen are being processed, the sound of rock 'n' band and a car swings into the driveway. Car doors are flung open and a man's voice yells out, "He's got a real bad one, Doc."

First in the emergency door is a man in T shirt and what once was a pair of white trousers, with the legs torn off above the knee. A woman in white shorts and blouse stands in front of the doorway. Her face distorted, hands clutching each other. Two

Image by Joe Person

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Mr. Lev Goes to Washington

"You think a million is so much?"

by John Madigan

It was in 1913 in his native Pinsk that Harry Lev, then 11 years old, first put his hand on his father's sewing machine. In the next 42 years, he managed to stitch his way from the Polish provinces via Palestine to Chicago, picking up on the way a fortune in the cap making business, and a connoisseur's knowledge of Rush street night clubs, Lincoln park bridle paths, Pentagon secretaries, turtle soup and the versatility of foam-rubber.

Last month Lev told, and evaded telling, a great deal about all of these phases of his career. And in both his candor and his evasions, he turned a vaudeville spotlight on some rarely-illuminated closets and bedrooms where uniformed traffickers meet traffickers in uniforms.

The story that reached a climax before Senate investigators in Washington had actually begun in Russian Poland.

Lev's father ran a one-man factory there, and Harry was a dutiful son who worked long hours at his parent's side, learning the cap maker's trade. The hum of the Singer machine fascinated him and, to the tune of its whirring needles, he fashioned the dreams on which fortunes are made.

Old Lev had a good business, considering the class pressures and the economy of the time. He turned out about 2,500 visor caps a year to be worn by people of the working classes. The income covered the needs of his wife, three sons and two daughters. But young Harry was ambitious, and saw opportunities overlooked by his father. He begged to be sent to a bigger city to learn design, in order that the family factory might enlarge its limited line. He was about to win his point when World War I came and "wiped out everything."

United Press photo

Committeeman: "You evade! You hesitate! You delay! You procrastinate! You can equivocate! You can repeat questions! You can fix! You can do everything except give a direct answer! . . . You are a very clever man."
Lev (pleased): "You think so?"

Lev senior died in 1915, and until 1921 Harry worked on various farms to help support his mother and brothers and sisters. But he wasn't happy. In 1921 he fled alone to Palestine with a little money, a bolt of cloth and a sewing machine. In Palestine he rented a corner in a tailor shop, set up his machine and made $12,500 in the next two years. But he was deathly afraid of being stabbed to death some night by an Arab; so, in 1923, he left Palestine for Chicago and the protection of a cousin living here.

"I couldn't go into business in Chicago because I did not know the language," Lev explained to the senators, "so I was working for a firm by the name of Chicago Uniform. I was getting $18 a week, but was spending $150 to $200."

SENATOR KARL MUNDT: "How come it cost $200 a week to live in Chicago?"

LEV: "When I went out I took my girl friends and so forth, of course, going out to night clubs, and I always have a habit, I like to go riding. I used to go on Sunday mornings to Lincoln park and that cost money, horseback riding, and also the same time it cost money to clothe myself. Besides, I was also supporting my family, sending money back to Poland."

This summer Harry Lev, still a cap maker but now a millionaire, found the thread of his ambition snarled again, but now the tangle was of his making. Senate investigators, put on his trail by Lev's competitors in the military cap making industry ("they would love to see me in my grave"), made a detailed check of the manufacturer's business activities and financial accounts.

What they found they liked so little that the Permanent Investigations subcommittee summoned Lev to Washington in a setting which recalled much of the deep-freezer, mink-coat and five-percent decor of the Truman administration.

But Lev proved to be an even more

rococo sojourner in Washington than the John Maragons and Harry Vaughans of the last decade. The senators were in turn delighted, exasperated and flabbergasted as he squirmed, sweated, evaded, brazened-out and clowned for five days straight on the witness stand, in an effort to shake himself loose from a warp of charges which included influence-buying, bribery and cutting corners on government contracts.

During the course of what is officially described as his testimony, Lev modeled garrison hats until gavelled back to his seat by the chairman of the sub-committee, Democrat John McClellan of Arkansas. He jumped from the witness stand to pass out photographs of his Mid City Uniform Cap company, at 2330 west Cermak ("I'm proud of this plant."). He forced a tubular circle of foam-rubber (used to hold firm the crown of a military cap) into the hands of George Bender, Republican senator from Ohio, and then whispered: "I got the idea from falsies."

He carried out a series of harassing attacks on the English language, during which it developed that he could neither read nor write it, but knew six other tongues, and pointed out, "I am not illiterate; I know currency." He had an interesting time about his relations with a certain dark-haired, dark-eyed administrative clerk who used to handle government contracts including, as it happened, contracts for service caps, and Lev developed a pungent dramatic sequence in describing the course of their friendship.

In reply to a suggestion that his relations with the young lady had something to do with a $2,000,000 contract to make 6,800,000 navy hats, Lev said it was all purely social. After all, he pointed out:

"A girl only works eight hours a day, and there's not a U. S. A. stamp on her for what she can do after that."

Instead of a stamp, the lady acquired, in her off-hours, a $2,000 check and $300 worth of clothes.

As it turned out, according to Lev, he heard an inexplicable report that she was out to blackmail him for $15,000.

Said he: "I swear by my family that this is the story, exactly. I sent back word for her to go to hell."

When the inquiry was over and Lev headed back to Chicago and his wife and 11-year-old daughter ("I don't suppose they're proud of me, but I'm a good provider."), the manufacturer seemed to believe that he had gotten himself out of serious trouble. His attorney, Robert C. Pierce of 10 south La Salle, also thought the government would have a hard time bringing indictments. But the committee and its counsel, Robert Kennedy, were confident that the Justice department would find in the bulky record material to bring prosecutions for fraud and bribery and prejury against some of the principals in a cast which included manufacturers, government civilian employes and several officers of the old Armed Services Textile and Apparel Procurement agency in New York city.

LEV, WHO LIVES in a big home at 6107 Kenmore avenue, was reluctant thruout the hearing to accept the title of "millionaire." He said, "I am not a millionaire as far as my character is concerned." But under questioning he admitted he has established for his family a $1,400,000 trust "subject to mortgage."

Investigators showed that $1,403,-245.25 in funds came into his hands in 1952-53, and of this total $213,-924.08 was in cash. And in the end they were able to produce a sketch, with blurred detail, of his business career.

In 1925 with only $1,100 left from his girl friends and horseback rides, Lev went into the cap making business for himself. "I spent $600 worth of machinery and $500 worth of working capital. For seven months I never went home. That was my investment. I work day and night." By 1937, the year he was given his first "little" contracts with the military, Lev told the investigators, the net worth of his business had jumped to $75,000.

In 1953, when his present troubles began, Lev was a wealthy man, with scores on his payroll, had dabbled in other business (the General Shirt company, the Illinois Outdoor Advertising company, and the Citation brand civilian hat) in addition to his Mid City Uniform Cap company. In the fall of 1953 he turned over the Mid City stock to his wife. "I didn't want to go ahead and make my sons-in-law officers because I did not want them to . . . they should grow out of their pants. I wanted them to know that I got started with nothing and I wanted them to be successful. I wanted them to work."

Lev is obsessed with not forgetting his humble beginning. For the senators he quoted from the Bible ("Everybody is conversed with the Bible."). Leaning to his feet at one point he held high in the air a finger capped in a silver thimble. He told the story of the shepherd's horn which King David kept on the wall of his palace "because in case his mind is going to run away with him he would not forget his lowly beginning." Circling the thimbled finger in the air Lev sputtered. "This is where I started with a thimble. This is my horn that reminds me where I come from. That horn is going to tell me come down, stay where you belong."

At another point, with a great show of injury, Lev denied that "I'm the greatest chiseler in the world." He said he was embarrassed to learn that he had made $5,089 too much on an Army contract. Chairman McClellan called his bluff, wrote out a check in that amount to the U. S. Treasury and suggested that Lev sign it. Calling, in his turn, Senator McClellan's bluff. Lev did so with great flourish.

But he made no similar offer concerning $30,000 which investigators charge he picked up by packing a shipment of garrison hats two-to-a-box in defiance of contract specifications for one hat to a box. Lev insisted officers had told him to make his bid on a two-to-a-box basis, and he assumed other manufacturers had similar instructions. Army witnesses were vague on this point — one of several in which it is alleged that Lev was given special consideration.

The manufacturer was questioned at length about "gifts" to civilian and military personnel. He denied giving anyone any money, but hearsay evidence admitted into the record charged Air Force Captain Raymond Wool, now facing courtmartial, with receiving $50,000 of the $213,924.08 which Lev spent in 1952 and 1953 without keeping records as to how or where the money was expended.

Senator Bender was interested in Lev's fondness for turtle steak. "What do they do for you," he asked Lev. Replied the grinning manufacturer: "Well, I tell you one thing about it, Senator. I cannot explain, there are too many females in here, but that is what it does. Senator. I didn't ask for it. I am sorry."

Counsel Kennedy developed that Lev gave dinners for the Quartermaster association and other units costing $1,000 to $2,000 each time. Records were also introduced showing he had purchased $2,609.30 worth of smoked sturgeon from Al's Fishery in Chicago from January, 1952 to April, 1955. The fish was shipped to various high ranking officers with whom Lev had business contacts. But he insisted "If a government employee can be bought with a piece of sturgeon then they should dismantle the government." One of the recipients was a general in command of a clothing depot. Lev's opinion of him: "He is one of the finest persons that any person could lay a hand on."

The cap maker's troubles concern

ıg the $2,000,000 contract for Navy white hats had begun in the spring of 953. The bids were opened May 5 hat year. Ten days later the Armed ervices Textile and Apparel Procurement agency was warned against ev by the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International union. The secretary-treasurer wrote Captain Vool, then a contracting officer in ew York, that Lev didn't have the nachinery or trained personnel to fulll the contract as planned at a plant ı Mayaguez, Peurto Rico.

Said the letter: "We do not believe hat it is in the best interest of the overnment to help this bidder engage ı what appears to be a doubtful exeriment." Three New York firms vhich had bid on portions of the big ontract (Lev bid on a basis of all or othing) also complained that it vould be impossible for Lev to meet he delivery schedules, which called or some 400,000 hats to be delivered ı short order.

DESPITE THESE protests, Lev was warded the contract five days after he union letter was written. The comlaints were relayed to the Senate ubcommittee and, also, the General ccounting office began an investiation. The GAO investigation deeloped nothing at the time, and the enate Permanent Investigations Subommittee (under Senator McCarthy) as devoting all its efforts to Comunism.

When the Democrats took over ongress in January of this year a eneral field investigation was quietly egun under the direction of Counsel ennedy. New York manufacturers nder investigation brought Lev's ame into the picture. One of them ept a business diary in Arabic. A otation quoted a fast-talking contact an named Marvin Rubin as saying at Harry Lev of Chicago was one of ubin's associates in government conacts and that Lev had given Captain ool $50,000. Rubin's description, in e Arabic language diary, of Lev: "A ry nice gentleman, very charitable, ho takes care of everybody."

Counsel Kennedy put Certified Pube Accountant Carmine S. Bellino on e case full time. Bellino, a former BI man who has his own accounting m in Wasington, has worked for the mmittee for years on most of its ggest cases. He is the man who gged Gen. Bennett Meyers a few ars ago when that officer, accused having an interest in an aviation mpany doing business with the govnment, was found guilty of perjury. e also nailed John Maragon in the me freezer case which found the mes of some of the country's top officials on the receiving end of gifts.

Bellino traced to the most minute detail Lev's financial activities – at the Main State bank, the Metropolitan State bank and the Pioneer Trust company, all in Chicago. He pored over his Mid City records and his income tax files and talked with scores of business associates. He built a day-by-day cross-file which showed Lev making large and (as yet) unexplained withdrawals of cash from his accounts on the very days that he made sudden trips to New York or Puerto Rico in connection with contracts.

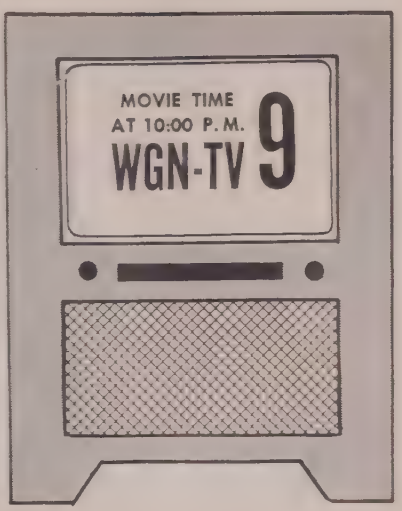
On the stand in the hearings, Lev swore under oath that he could not remember what he had done with all the money, but insisted, "I'm going to later." He did remember, only too well, his introduction in February, 1954 to the previously mentioned government contract administrator. She visited with him in his New York hotel room on later occasions, then brought him to her home to meet her husband. They were to talk over "a plastic deal." But while they were there Marvin Rubin put in an appearance, and the subject for the evening turned from plastics to government contracts.

In the ensuing weeks, meetings followed in New York and Chicago during which, the investigators charge, Harry Lev's paths in Washington were made extremely easy to travel. Presumably, only a man with Bellino's experience could get a clear picture out of the complicated maze. As for Harry Lev, he admits buying a government clerk dresses, having her to his hotel room, spending thousands of dollars on sturgeon, turtle soup and entertainment, but he denies doing anything to defraud his government.

"I deserve at least a Congressional Medal," Lev told the senators at one point in asserting that his hats and his patents have kept American servicemen looking neat and trim. "I like them to look nice," Lev said. But the government doesn't think Lev's motives are altruistic. The military won't be awarding him any more contracts until the Justice department, Internal Revenue, the Pentagon and the Senate all give him a clean bill of health.

And that should be a long time – about as long as it would take a man to walk from Pinsk to Cermak road with a sewing machine on his back.

But Lev, who has three former high ranking Army officers on his payroll (including an ex-general), insists he isn't worried. "It is all a mistake," he says. "It is just like I told the committee. If I did these things it would be very unfoolish – like catching a fish on dry land."



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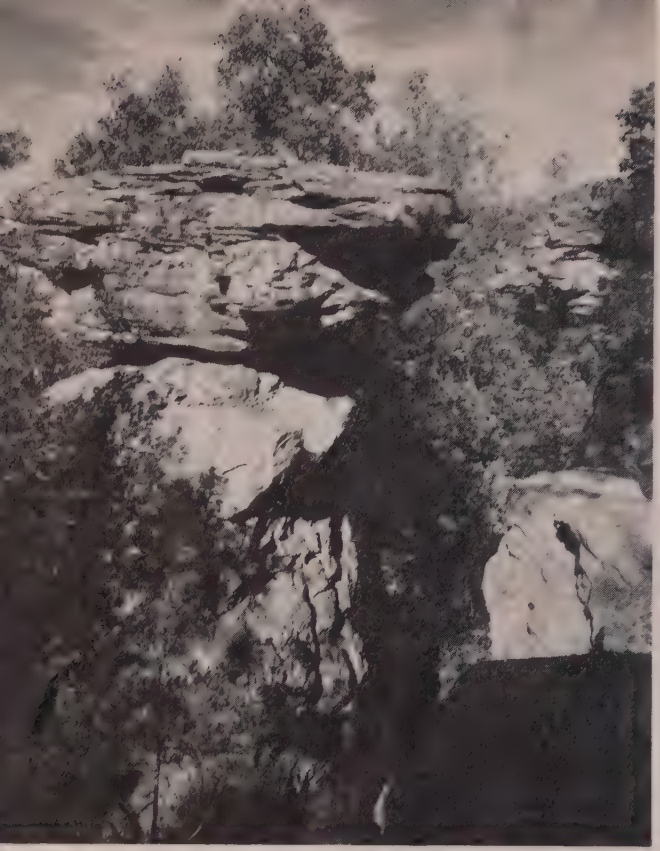


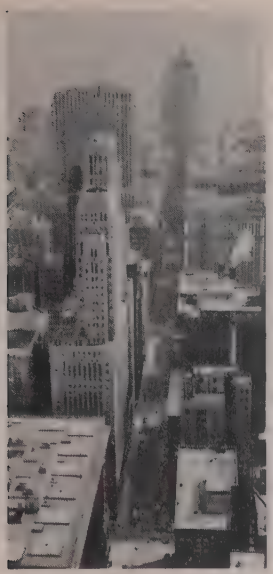
Giant City state park is located south of Carbondale in the Illinois Ozarks, beyond the scope of any of the four great ice sheets. During the Civil War it was a hideout of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a pro-Southern group.

"Streets" of Giant City are as straight and regular as if plotted by a surveyor. The "buildings" were formed when a bed of sandstone slipped up over a deposit of shale, then cracked as a result of subsequent earth movements.

CANYONS OF ILLINOIS

The ice sheets that covered most of Illinois 25,000 years ago and earlier destroyed much of the state's scenery but made reparation with a thick layer of fertile drift. And few would advocate trading the agricultural abundance of the plains for the imposing but sterile rock sculpture of the Western states, even if the swap could be arranged. One reason is that Illinois has a number of canyons of its own, modest in depth and extent but well kept and convenient to all transportation. Most of them are located in the unglaciated areas or where big streams have cut deep troughs in the deposits of the ice age. Nearly all have been taken over by the state government and equipped with tourist facilities.

Rock that forms the canyons of Illinois was deposits of sand and organic material on the of the seas that covered the land millions ago. Rugged bluffs of the Ozarks are visib directions from Giant City.



This gorge had its last major upheaval in 1929. It is appropriately named, for La Salle was among the state's first canyon visitors.

Matthiessen state park near Oglesby in La Salle county was for many years a private estate and nature preserve. Small animals play among its canyons and waterfalls, and a herd of deer is enclosed behind a stockade. The park also has a restored blockhouse.

th of the rock in the area around Matthiessen is St. Peter dstone, one of the oldest kinds of exposed mineral de- t in the state. It has commercial as well as scenic value, it yields silica, which is used in making fine glass and any other industries.

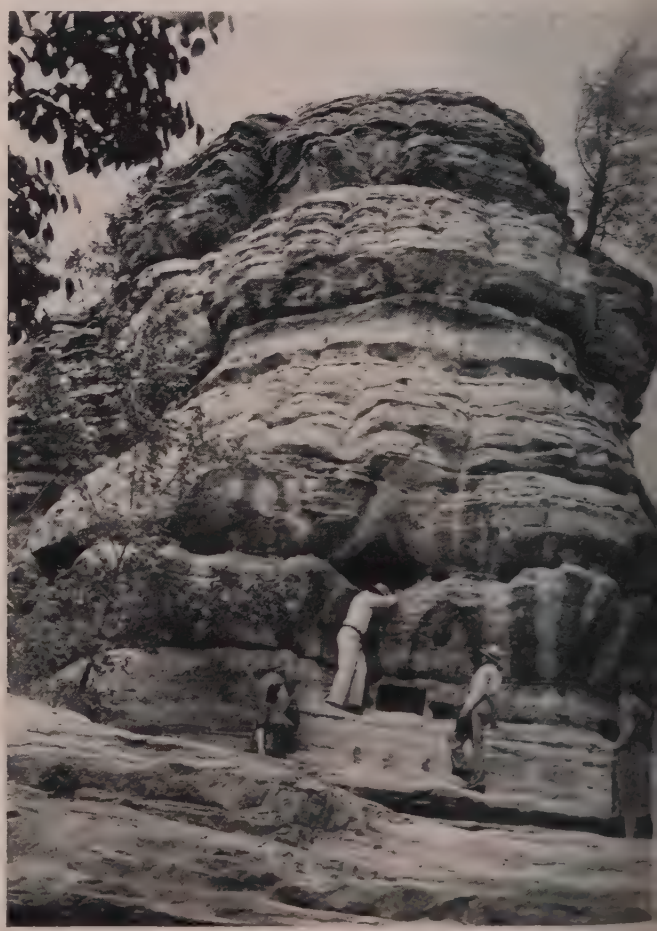
White limestone cliffs form the east bank of the Mississippi river midway between Davenport and Dubuque, where Mississippi Palisades state park is located. Unequal weathering of the strata in sedimentary rocks creates intricate surface formations.

The northwest corner of Illinois, like the southern tip, was never glaciated, and its topography is probably similar to that of the rest of the state after the seas left and before the glaciers came. Apple River Canyon state park (above) is located here, near Charles Mound, highest point in Illinois.

Starved Rock is the oldest and most popular of th parks, having opened in 1912. It is located on the bank of the Illinois river between Ottawa and L with the main rock rising 140 feet above the water

A tablet at the summit of Starved Rock commemora central characters in the legend that gave the pl name. A group of Illinois Indians is said to have be sieged there by Pottawattomies in 1769 and to have ually starved rather than surrender.

La Salle built Fort St. Louis atop Starved Rock in 1682, seeing it as the key point in a vast French colonial empire. Later he moved his headquarters, and the fort was burned by Indians in 1721.



Picture credits, left to right, pp. 44-45, 1st row: Hedrich-Blessing; United Press; Robert A. Johns. 2nd row: Hedrich-Blessing (4). p. 46, 1st row Hedrich-Blessing; Johns. 2nd row: Hedrich-Blessing; Johns

The Men Who Will Open the Window

by Marion Massen

The letter addressed to the "Museum of Science & Fiction" but uavely delivered by the alert post ffice recently to Channel 11, the edu-ational television station, need raise o cynical eyebrow with the "fiction" llusion. The "Window to the World" s fiction no longer, having announced s readiness to emerge around Labor Day from the chrysalis that has clothed for a year.

This is the year WTTW has stayed ff the air, with the intention that vhen it goes on it will be able to offer rograms that will earn it a continuing udience. Channel 11 is unique mong educational television stations n the country in this respect. Also a art of its uniqueness is the fact that has proportionately more "stock-olders" — 300,000 at a dollar and up share — than the other similar sta-ions that have been operating in such ities as Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. ouis and San Francisco.

The idea of a period of research nd experimentation before telecast-ng was primarily Dr. John Taylor's hen he was hired by Edward L. yerson and the WTTW board of ustees as manager of the station in eptember, 1954. An educator by ade (who heartily wishes there were nother word for educational tele-sion because it may scare some eople off), he took the job with that roviso.

Taylor had reason to argue for pains-king and comprehensive prepar-ion for the success of the station. elecasting by community stations de-ted entirely to educational programs at Chicago to a start in a dozen ies after the Federal Communica-ns commission reserved some 240 annels for this purpose in 1952. In veral of the cities, however, the fault inadequate preparation in the ex-ement of getting on the air has de itself apparent. The Los Angeles TV station, a casualty after only a few nths' operation because the single-rson sponsor withdrew his support, is now having to start again from scratch. In Pittsburgh, Station WQED was depending on a program-guide magazine to bring in revenue for station support from commercial advertising. Tho the magazine had 70,000 ready subscribers at two dollars apiece, advertising fell off after the first month or two, and personnel and citizen supporters have been running to keep up with the double task of doorbell-ringing for funds and programing for a 40-hour week of telecasting.

It is Taylor's studied conclusion that station WTTW and the others like it which have gone on the air in the first dozen cities, and are preparing to in about 40 more, have "one main chance" for survival after the first budget is run thru. That chance is good programs that fulfill a need.

BEFORE HE accepted the assignment as executive director of the Chicago Educational Television association, Taylor was for three years deputy-director-general and acting director-general of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. In charge of all administrative and financial operations of UNESCO, he carried the special duty of administering technical assistance in the field of education to 35 or 40 countries in the amount of some $5,000,000. This took him around the world.

The UNESCO post came his way in part because of his familiarity with the European education picture gained during World War II which, in turn, had its roots in his younger teaching years. He moved into it, however, from the president's chair at the University of Louisville, where he pioneered adult education by radio and television and learned some of the basics that will be useful for WTTW.

The World War II years from 1943 to 1947 Taylor spent as a captain, major and lieutenant colonel in Africa, England and Germany, operating as an educator under military government. One of those years was devoted to the planning unit which prepared in England to reorganize Germany's educational approach after V-E Day.

In practical terms, his work consisted of the rather tough and touchy job of getting textbooks printed and in circulation in Germany which presented a less distorted picture of the world than those prescribed by the Nazis. Fortunately, Taylor was well acquainted with German educators of the Weimar republic days who, dismissed by Hitler, were ready and able to return when the time was ripe.

The acquaintances dated back to the early thirties, when Taylor made frequent trips to Germany as a student tour conductor while he was completing graduate work, teaching and writing at Columbia university. He also spent a year teaching at the Kaiser Friedrich Realgymnasium in Berlin, where he derived some theories about the comparative merits of democratic and non-democratic education. It was in the early thirties that he saw his first demonstration of television. The telecast occurred from one telephone booth to another, in the Deutsches Museum in Munich, with a blurred little image of ten square inches. Taylor and all the other viewers, who were also educators, commented that this tool might be very useful some day for teaching.

The years abroad have made a multi-lingual person out of Taylor. He is at home in German and French,

and can "avoid starvation" in Spanish and Italian. The Taylor of Chicago, a tall, slim, distinguished and genial gentleman who will celebrate his forty-ninth birthday about the time WTTW expects to go on the air, shows signs of settling down, however. For one thing, he has accepted a place on the board of the Southeast Chicago commission, which is engaged in conservation and rehabilitation of the University of Chicago neighborhood where he and his wife and son are apartment dwellers.

JIM ROBERTSON, some dozen years his chief's junior, has grown up in an audio-visual world. He is a sound complement to Taylor, who chose him as program director because he is not an academic educator but has been dealing with the public mind via radio and television for well over half his 36 years.

Ever since Jim Robertson at 15 wrote to a *Popular Mechanics* advertiser for a microphone so he could talk at parties, he has spent his life working out programs of entertainment with a useful angle to them. In high school at Madison, Wisconsin, he was ever present at assemblies with his public address system, and by the time he was a sophomore, commercial radio station WIBA in Madison hired him to run a sustaining program of poetry readings.

By the time Robertson reached college freshman age he was an announcer over one local station and programmer and announcer for another, thus paying his way thru the University of Wisconsin. He majored in social psychology and, graduated in 1940, took his first all-day radio job as program director of a small station in Marinette, Wisconsin.

Here he was able to make his first test of the appeal of community programing from local resources, new ways to use musical transcriptions, and other projects he had been theorizing about. The Marinette job led to Janesville station WCLO, where he put on the first farm program in the county. He joined the Milwaukee *Journal's* radio station WTMJ in December, 1943 and by January, 1946 was its program director.

When WTMJ began thinking of television, Jim Robertson was the logical choice to direct its first closed circuit program. The station went on the air in December, 1947, and built up a tall reputation as an interesting and educational commercial station which also made money. *Time* magazine gave it attention in 1951 for mobile televising of church services, programs of Polish and German dances and other innovations with a distinct local flavor.

As television network programs grew and were piped into the local station, there was less need for local programing in Milwaukee, and Robertson's creative opportunities suffered. But six out of seven programs under his wing which had started out as "educational" or "sustaining" had sponsors, so he could conclude he was proving his theory that there will be listeners for informational material well presented. Robertson was therefore receptive when he learned that the new ETV station here was looking for candidates. As a "pilot" type who enjoys life most when it contains new problems, he felt that Channel 11, sometimes punned as "Challenger 11," was for him.

Both John Taylor and Jim Robertson can be classed as "idea men" — not just on the planning of content for WTTW when it goes into operation, but also on ways and means of financing and saving money in the installation. This is an enormous advantage to the people who thru 200 Channel 11 chapters or individually have contributed more than $850,000 toward the establishment and operation of the station, and for those who after they become viewers will be called upon in some way or other for continuing financial support. For the whole concept of educational television is a rugged problem in practical, workable terms, since an FCC license does not automatically carry with it funds for operation.

Channel 11 now has the funds for operation until the end of this year and is engaged in raising the $350,000 needed for 1956. Included on the expenditure side are the equipping of the station with sizable items like a transmitter costing $100,000 and studios, budgeted for $400,000. As in all other cities entering this new and untried field, the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education has contributed $150,000 to WTTW, which pays for studio equipment.

ANOTHER BOON is the arrangement with the Museum of Science and Industry for studios in the east wing of the building, where the last important educational activity was in research on the atom before the Atomic Energy commission built Argonne laboratory. Important aid also came from the Columbia Broadcasting system with the transfer to WTTW of a transmitter site atop the Field building in the Loop.

The main objective of Station WTTW in the mind of its executive director, however, is to be "education" in the sense of appealing to a broad group. Station WTTW will not be a university or a high school, tho telecourses will probably be offered leading to credits for both. There are 29 local educational institutions comprising an advisory board to WTTW which are culling material for the station's purpose, and 33 other organizations, such as the League of Women Voters and the Orchestral association, are interested associates. But to make as certain as possible what will be the most useful and acceptable programs, systematic research has gone on.

From the research, WTTW's planners decided that the station can best serve the community with a 4 to 10 p.m., Monday thru Friday, schedule. A "major" in the initial telecasts — because the people have asked for it — will be new kinds of children's programs during the late afternoon. From 5 to 7 o'clock, it is planned to telecast good music, which can be listened to without necessarily watching the video portion of the program. Taylor and Robertson feel that such a service during the dinner hour will be appreciated by many set owners who like to see the family around the dining-table. The time from 7 to 8:30 p.m. will be a "family viewing" period, and programing from 8:30 to 10 will be general in nature, with the adult subjects scheduled for the later hours.

The schedule will include top programs from other educational stations thruout the country. These will be provided by the Educational TV and Radio center, an organization set up by the Fund for Adult Education as a service to educational TV stations.

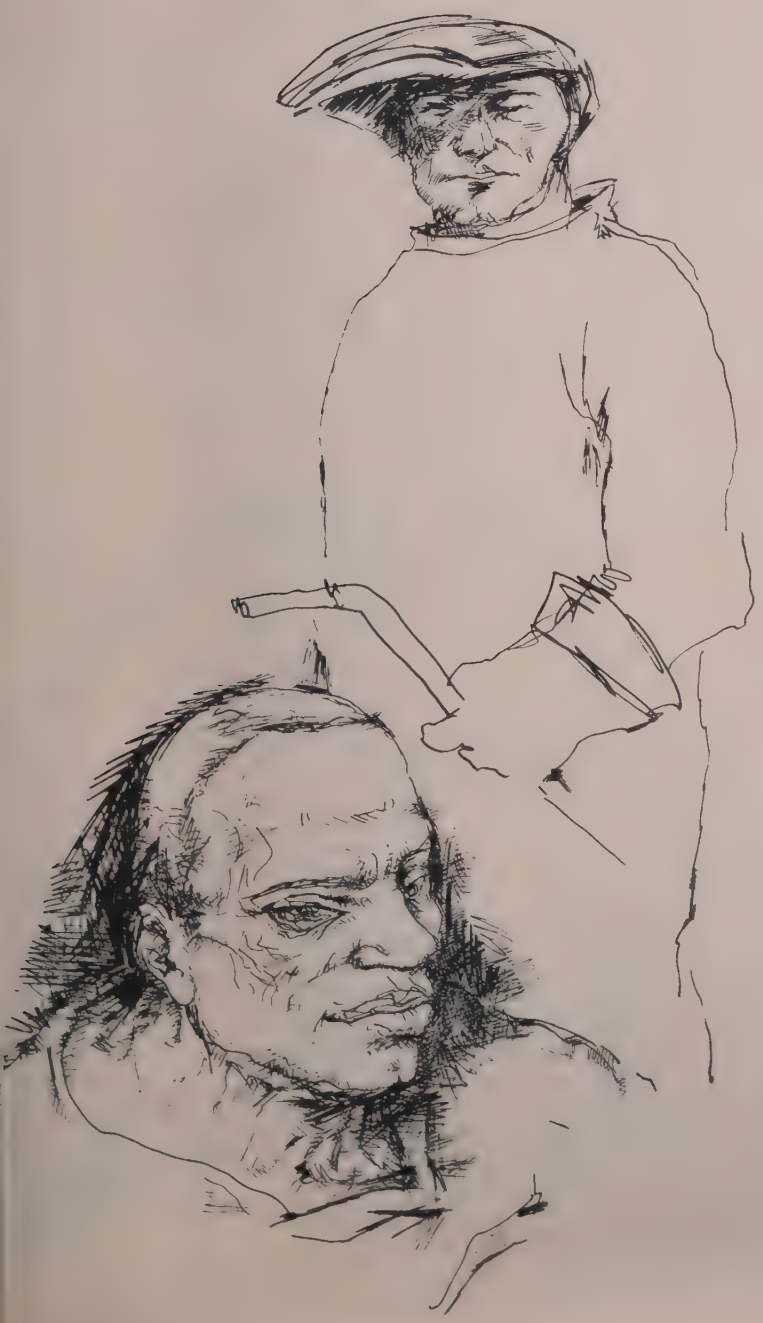
The new local idea in education has come some distance from the time the first enthusiasm was stirred up for it among a group of Wilmette mothers who were horrified at Jack Mabley's Christmastime study of the bloody programs for children on commercial television stations in 1952. These women, who spearheaded the first drive for contributions to make local educational television possible, will soon know, along with the rest of us, whether the investment is going to pay off.

Both adults and children, Taylor knows, will go on enjoying commercial television much as usual, and switch from Channel 11 when one of their favorites is on the air. But Chicago, he believes, is so program-rich in educational entertainment material for people of all ages that "it will take decades to exhaust the possibilities." He will count as evidence toward success the first time a commercial station approaches him to buy out a WTTW program idea because it is good enough to sell to a sponsor.

The Cinder Pit

by Joseph Sander

drawings by Seymour Rosofsky



To Swede it was like something you got for nothing. But just before his furnace was ready to tap, he'd always remember and try to tell somebody about it. Tonight he was already telling the new guy when the chief melter came out and told him he had ten minutes.

Swede's real name was Postrowski, but when he had first come to work in the cinder pit, 15 years back, the melter couldn't pronounce it and called him "Swede" because of his blond hair. The hair had thinned thru the years, but the name had stuck. Swede got up from the bench and finished the story on his feet; he was excited and a little bit nervous.

". . . So I'm lying in the trough, you, right by the goddam spout! I drop the torch and it keeps burning into furnace! I can't pull out torch 'cause I'm lying 'cross hose . . . I can't move . . . was terrible! Herb jump down and pull me back then . . . *pouh!* . . . steel she roll out, burn torch off like dat!" He snapped his fingers to show how quickly it had happened. ". . . Hose she swing down all short an' smoky. Herb can't carry me up, so he just push me away an' hop back up on turret himself . . . he's no got on asbestos suit an' if not for dat hard black skin he go . . . *pouh!* . . . just like torch! Dat nigger, he crazy-dumb, like ox . . . work twelve years here

already and is still cinder-snapper." He shook his head. The Negro was sleeping on the next bench and Swede waved his hand at him. "Him!" he pointed out to the new guy.

"Ho, Herb," he called to the Negro, "I gonna rake out in five minutes. Will you come handle hose?"

Herb didn't open his eyes, but said, "I'm sleepin', Swede. Take the new guy, he's gotta learn."

"Melter say he gotta work wit' Kokaska on stock. You come, Herb . . . please . . . handle hose . . ."

"Okay, Swede," he said, and swung off the bench to the ground. He yawned and stretched, raising the sweat shirt high up over his tight belly. "Go get into your monkey-suit. I'll be there." He took his lunch off the bench, where he had been using it for a pillow, and, climbing up on the bench, hooked it onto a piece of bent wire hanging from a joist, to keep the rats from getting at it.

"You better hunt up Koky an' get on back or the melter'll be beatin' his gums for you," he told the new guy as he got down. He stretched once more as he crossed the floor to the No. 10 furnace and walked around to the back where Swede was.

Herb nodded his head across to the other turret where the new guy stood with Kokaska and the melter. "Man, I'd hate to be throwin' my first shovels of hot-stock with that melter bastard watchin' me," he said. Swede, checking over his asbestos suit, grunted. Herb swung the oxygen hose free, climbed down quickly and hooked the slender steel torch in the trough under the furnace tap-hole to warm it. Swede was climbing into his suit. "Looka him now," Herb said. "He's makin' them move the stock back. Goddamit, I wheeled that stock myself and set it close on purpose, so Koky could work it easier . . . he likes to work from the front." Herb watched the melter pointing out everything to the new guy. Swede looked at the tap-hole and the torch heating in the trough.

"Lissen," Swede said, "when I wave hand behind back, you turn valve . . ."

"Yeah, Swede, sure," Herb said, "Christ sake, sure, I know how to do it!"

"When I wave hand behind back . . ."

"Yeah, yeah!"

SWEDE CHECKED the buckle on his helmet and the pivots on the mask. Herb looked across to where Koky was filling a paper sack with aluminum pellets. The new guy got in the way and the melter jerked him back and made him stand and watch Koky. Herb laughed. Swede saw the melter look at his watch and nod at him. He turned to Herb. "I go down now," he said.

"Well, whatta you want me to do, Swede, hold your hand?" Herb said, and laughed. Swede turned away and started down, pulling on his gloves. Herb took his elbow and said, "Here, I'll lead you down." Swede jerked away and turned back around, moving awkwardly in his asbestos suit. "Goddam it, nigger, you stand by valve an' wait!" Herb tried to laugh again and went back up to the turret.

Herb watched Swede as he pulled the mask down over his face when he was in close behind the furnace. Swede walked slowly thru the heat on the narrow steel catwalk, guiding his hand along the warming torch stem. In place, he looked again at the melter. The melter jerked his hand impatiently and Swede looked back at Herb. Herb signaled that he was watching. Again Swede checked his footing, checked his mask, and then lifted the torch. Herb's hand went out to the oxygen valve. When he turned it, the torch would ignite and begin eating a hole thru the plug in the furnace tap-hole. Swede shifted and braced his feet once more, waved a thickly-gloved hand behind him and grasped the torch with both hands.

HERB OPENED the valve and as the torch sputtered and lighted he watched Swede plunge it into the belly of the furnace, sliding it in short strokes along the trough. The strokes gradually grew longer, the thrusts deeper and more sure, and Herb knew that Swede was no longer thinking of the melter or of his feet slipping. He knew that Swede was no longer thinking of him, *the nigger,* or of that time long ago when the wet heat had nearly poured out over him.

As he saw Swede, all clumsiness gone, he knew that he had forgotten everything, that all the great noises of the open-hearth building were hidden from him by the close, little personal roar of the oxygen blasting out of the slim torch and eating into the hot-wet body of a hundred tons of steel.

Herb watched him, sensed him and felt him. He thrust with Swede in steady strokes, listening, seeing, feeling, senses keen, mind heart body, all following — all shifting to follow — the *feel.* Herb heard the torch's roar. It grew, faded, died and grew and died again as the torch was drawn back and shoved forward. He felt it digging, sliding, cutting, pushing, driving, deep, deep . . . soon the liquid steel would be running hot to the ladle below. He watched Swede stroke and plunge, knowing that he was close to relief; soon he would be away from the heat; soon his mind would be back in his own body again and his brain guiding his actions once more, soon he would be able to relax and think of nothing. He saw the torch move close up the channel, the hand dead-hot and wet in the glove, frozen hard to the torch. He heard the throbbing inner roar of the furnace . . . the wall was thinner . . . breaking . . . *thumm!* . . . a thin, white-blooming stream spatted along the trough!

The torch swung out hissing in the air. Swede scrambled back, flinging up his mask and breathing once more on the turret. Herb had quieted the hose at the valve and it now hung limp over the railing. From the other turret Kokaska and the new guy were tossing bags of aluminum into the steel that flowed roaring down to the ladle.

Swede came up behind him at the fountain. Herb took a big mouthful of the salt-sugar treated water and washed it around, then spat. He ended with a long draught of the cool stuff, letting it all slip down so he only had to taste it once.

"It gonna be hot summer," Swede said. "Look like you not gonna make it, you drinkin' so much already." Then Herb let Swede drink. "Oh, I'll make it, all right," he said. "But that new guy, now, he ain't gonna make it."

"Oh, I t'ink he make it," Swede said, spitting into the testing trough, "He nice kid." Then he added, "Polski same as me."

"He had to drop out of shovel line twice tonight . . . he ain't never gonna make the summer."

"I t'ink he make it," Swede said slowly. "I work by steel mill long time. When I say guy make it — he make it! I go have talk."

"Okay, Swede, you *said* it, but I still don't think it."

"Bah!" Swede said, walking away, "what you know? You work twelve years here and you still cinder-snapper."

Herb drank and spat into the dust along the track and went outside. He saw Swede walk over to where the new guy was sitting and then he went to the locker room. The washstand was a big circle of stone and the water shot out of little holes and fell all around the circle like the fountain in front of the administration building. He took off his sweat shirt while the water was running cold and then put his head under and let the water run down his back. Swede's voice came in thru the open-tilted window but he couldn't see him thru the frosted glass.

THE NIGHT was quiet here, except for Swede and the drone of the big electric cranes in the scrap yard. Herb

on a bench and closed his eyes, ning his head forward. And I'm still goddam cinder-snapper, huh? he ought, I'm still a goddam nigger der-snapper! And that yella hot-air lack blowin' off like a Bessemer . . . got to show him sometime, sometime ust got to show 'em all . . .

Water dripped from his head and t his leg thru the denims. He ened his eyes and looked, then ung his head around, watching, king wet designs in the dust on his gs.

He heard Swede's whisky voice aking at the pale youngster next to n. "No gotta have big body," Swede s saying. "Looka me. I strong, but no nigger giant! Small body is all ht, lotta Polski small . . . You new re, you. Herb say you not gonna ke it. That 'cause he tryta make *uscle* outa you. You no lissen Herb . just get swing . . . take only little on shovel and get swing . . . no ed muscle, all swing. You lissen e an' soon you be good snapper like t!"

"Thanks, Swede," the new guy said, ut maybe Herb's right. I already apped out twice tonight . . ."

Swede beat on his thigh and bel-ved, "Herb *not* right! Herb just g dumb nigger who work twelve ars and is still cinder-snapper! What know? I tell you you lissen *me!* Goddam, boy, dat devil's *own* furnace in there, dat *ox'gen* furnace, is tough on *old* men! You just lissen on me, I *know* you gonna make it!"

Herb came out of the locker room smiling and walked up to them. "I can tell by that loud whisky-spittin' voice that Swede's talkin' about me again," he said. "Whatta you tellin' him, Swede? How you and me used to snap together? You tellin' him about the night you come on drunk and lay out here pukin' your guts into the snow while we had to get out four heats short-handed? Or are you maybe tellin' about the time you come back from vacation with a handful of blisters and I hadda wheel all your stock for you? Or maybe you're just singin' about that big swing you think you don't need muscles if you got?"

Swede jumped up and trembled his fist under Herb's nose. "By God," he shouted, "I *got* muscle, but I got brains, too! I wheel so much stock like you and I shovel so many cinders like you, but I learn steel, too, an' get promotion, like you no do!" He laughed and sat down. "Like you never do, big, dumb nigger!"

Herb's hair sparkled wet in the light, but he laughed and snorted, "Yeah, you got muscle, but you only got it in your head, where you think you got brains. You never threw a good shovel or pushed a full barrow. You only got your promotion because you got a thick polack head and was crazy enough to work behind a furnace without knowin' nothing!"

"By God, I *still* push so big a load like you, an' I ten years older!" Swede yelled.

Herb guffawed. He slapped his knee and ran a few steps to where the others in the crew lay stretched out on benches, resting. "Hey gang, did you hear that? Swede says he ain't a polack no more, he's gonna prove he's a real white man, really white enough to be a second-helper!" Then he turned back to Swede and called, "Okay, Swede, we all heard you! Now put your muscle where your mouth was! Get yourself a barrow and I'll meet you by the scales. C'mon gang, you don't wanna miss this!"

Herb and Swede disappeared into the building, and, like so many dead, the crew of cinder-snappers rose and walked down the narrow cement walk, under the two naked electric bulbs hung high overhead on the railroad dump-track. They passed bins of aluminum, manganese, molybdenum and chrome ore, and then turned in at the entrance to the part of the huge shed where the scales sat, raised on a ramp, in the center of the floor. A single light bulb, high up against the steel webbing of the roof, dimly lit the rusted surface of the platform on which the scales sat, balanced and waiting.

WORD GOT IN to the floor and men began to drift out and find places for themselves. As the crowd grew, men talked about the contest, tho no one, not even the contestants themselves, knew exactly what would happen. Maunty, the ponderous Irish first helper on No. 16 furnace, began to organize things. He talked to Swede and Herb and told them how they ought to do it. He was glad when they asked him to be umpire and he moved his bulk up the ramp and sat astraddle on the railing. He had Herb and Swede weigh in their wheel barrows and told them the contest would be in net weight. Swede grinned; he had the new, lighter barrow.

A gang of cinder-snappers from the south end of the building came up and stood in back of the crowd. Maunty raised his arms for quiet. "All right, men," he said. "This here, in case you don't know why we're out here, is to be a contest between Herb, the biggest snapper on the north end, and Swede, second helper on the new oxygen furnace and the only Swede in the mill who talks better Polski than he does English!" The crowd laughed and Maunty raised his arms again for quiet.

"Okay," one of the gang from the

south end called, "enough gabbin', let 'em fight clean, and may the white man win!" Some of the crowd laughed again. Maunty waved his hands for quiet.

"The rules are," he called loudly, "that the men are to load their own wheelbarrows . . ."

Someone said, "Well, button my butt!" Maunty ignored the interruption. ". . . Both using hundred-pound sacks of cement up to eight hundred pounds, if we get that high, and from then on, twenty-five-pound bags of aluminum." He pointed at two men and told them to load up some sacks of aluminum and set them by the cement bin. He continued: "Then they wheel the barrows here to be weighed; anyone tipping over a load is disqualified. After it's been weighed, somebody else can wheel it back. Then the contestant puts on as many additional bags as he sees fit. The man finally weighing in the heaviest load is the winner. It'll take 15 pounds short to call for a second load. That's all, everybody got it straight? All right then, let's flip to see who starts."

Herb lost the toss. "I got a tap comin' out soon," Maunty told him, "so start with five hundred pounds."

The men stood around the scales in small groups and began to bet. Most of them were for Swede to win, but only a few would risk their money on it. Those who had cash to bet got the odds increased a little when they laid it down against commissary checks. Kokaska finally got his bet covered by Mitts, a wiry little Pole with big hands, who said at first, "Real polack gotta bet on polack!" and refused to take the bet. Koky told him he was born in Danzig and that made it all right.

HERB CAME OUT, walking easily, pushing his barrow. It was loaded with five bags of cement, centered forward over the wheel. He put on a little extra push and eased up the ramp onto the scales.

"Five forty-seven!" Maunty called. "Less forty-two for the barrow — is five-oh-five! Take it away, Herbert, go get 'im, Swede!"

The junior melter came out to see what the gang was doing. When he heard, he pulled out his pipe and stood, watching.

Swede came out and pushed his load up the ramp. "Five forty-three!" Maunty called. "Less thirty-seven for the barrow — is five-oh-six!"

Herb wheeled out again. He had taken off his sweat shirt and added two bags to his load. "I'm gettin' the feel of it now!" he laughed as he pushed up the ramp. Maunty put on a couple more weights and bent close to see.

"Seven-fifty even! Less forty-two for the barrow — is seven-oh-eight!"

"That'll give old Swede a hard way to go," one of the men said.

"The black handles a good load," the melter observed, sucking on his pipe.

Swede came around the bend, pushing. He had taken off his shirt and his back was bent and he held the barrow handles even with his knees. His upper arms were tight against his sides and his muscles rippled the American flag tattooed on his forearm. His foot slipped as he hit the ramp and he almost lost the load. Everyone started and then hushed as he maneuvered up the incline and set his barrow down on the scales with a thud. "Don't worry, boys," he called while Maunty adjusted the balance weights. "I just slip, I no give out. I carry so big a load like d'nigger easy!"

"Seven forty-five!" Maunty said. "Less thirty-seven for the barrow — is seven-oh-eight. Side by each!"

Swede rolled his barrow from the scale. *"Dobja! Dobja!"* his friend Mitts called out. His name was Mitkowski, but no one knew if his nickname came from that or from his large hands.

The melter looked at his watch, knocked the ash from his pipe and walked away. "Tell me who won when you come in to tap," he said to Maunty, "Your heat's due in about ten minutes."

"Come on, you guys," Maunty said, "let's get this thing over with."

Herb came around the corner straining with his new load. His torso was hunched forward till it almost touched the cement sacks piled at the front of the barrow. Two paper bags, their bottoms filled with aluminum pellets and their tops rolled down like sacks, lunches, were perched on top. He put on speed to get up the ramp and the aluminum bags wriggled. He bent far forward and clamped his chin down of them and, with a surge, reached the top of the ramp. He set his load down on the scales and looked around grinning.

Maunty straightened up and called in a loud voice, "Eight fifty-two! Less forty-two — makes eight-ten! Next!"

"Let's go, Swede!" someone called.

"Go ahead, white man, beat that!" one of the Negroes from the south end shouted.

Maunty called for quiet. "Let's have no more of that!" he said, "We're almost done now. Let's finish it peaceful."

SWEDE WAS VERY PALE as he drew up. Even his American flag looked a little faded as he slowly forced the wheelbarrow forward. He was muttering to himself and blowing at the sweat we

ing his lips. His eyes appeared to be losed as he stared down at the cement. The bags were piled high at the ront and, until he turned straight for he ramp, all that could be seen of im were his arms, to the elbows, and he blue-and-white engineer's cap on is head. He dug in hard to get up he slope and the men urged him forvard. Even some of Herb's gang wept their arms in frantic circles nd grunted as if to help. He made it o the top, then wheeled around and ank down on the back of the barrow ith a sort of silly grin on his face. By Jeez!" he puffed, and he leaned ack on the cement, closing his eyes.

"Come on, Swede," Maunty said, you're still on company time." He elped him down and sat him on a ail. "Dat all," Swede mumbled. "Dat ll! If d'nigger beat dat, I'm thru! I an't do no more!"

"Eight eighty-three!" Maunty sang ut, "Less thirty-seven — is eight hunred forty-six pounds!" Men cheered wede and pounded his back and he rinned a little and shook his head.

The junior melter came out and otioned to Maunty. "Yeah," he houted back, "be right there!"

They waited for Herb.

His big voice boomed out, "Stand ack!" even before he came around e corner. Everyone looked and then came. Under the two paper sacks had added another bag of cement. he meat of his arms was hard and iny and dark. Ridges of fluid muscle vam underneath as he kept the heelbarrow going forward and the weight shifting back to center. He swung in line with the ramp, strained his muscles until he reached the top and, with a crash, dropped the short, stubby legs of the wheelbarrow on the scales. He stood bent over the load, his hands refusing and then slowly releasing the handles. He shook his big arms loosely and raised his body into a proud tower, standing tall and heavy on the scales, trying to cast a shadow for half the cinder pit.

The snappers from the south end walked away shaking their heads as Maunty looked up and announced, "Nine fifty-four, less forty-two — is *nine hundred and twelve pounds!* Herb is the winner and champeen till he's challenged and beat fair!" He shook Herb's hand and then called, "Okay, snappers, we're raking out on 16 — two minutes!" He took off at a trot for his furnace. The men walked away, settling their bets as they went.

Herb stood quietly and watched them all leave. I'm the best goddam man, all right; I showed 'em, he told himself, and he looked down at the 912 pounds in his wheelbarrow.

Swede, still breathing heavily, looked up. "They rakin' out . . ." he said.

Herb looked down at him. Suddenly he laughed. "What's the matter, Swede, bushed?" he asked, and jerked the wheelbarrow off the scales and pushed it back to the bin knowing — but trying not to notice — that it didn't make a damn bit of difference to any of them.

Moon

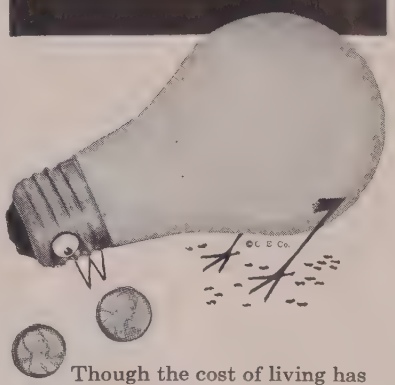
The moon is rising silently.
A cloud obscures it. Yet no cloud
Obscures the moon; its disk, its horn
Burn undimmed except by Earth
Whose history there is darkness, darkness
Through which moon passes silently

And as it climbs so silently
All the long profound waters
Tremble in their dim empires, murmur,
Rush, and reach, and crash to foam,
But the moon is not moved,
It moves unmoved, and silently,

And seeing it float silently
All the pale prisoners of the moon
Cry out at god or demon there
Where only the still moon is, only
The still silver moon in air,
The moon moving silently.

Elder Olson

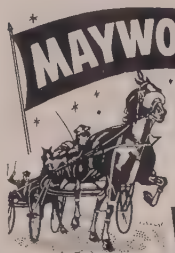
LITTLE BILL says:
"I work for pennies a day— the electric way!"



Though the cost of living has doubled, today electricity actually costs you less per kilowatt-hour than it did 25 years ago. In fact, you get almost *twice* as much electricity for your money as you did back in 1930!

COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY

For the Greatest
RACING THRILL
go to Beautiful



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Reservations: MAnsfield 6-4816

MARSHALL MIGATZ

the Shubert of summer stock

photographs by Don Bronstein *captions by John Mottier*

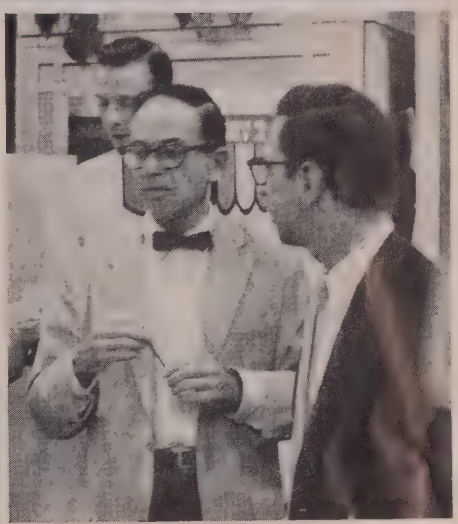
One-third of the commercial summer theaters that surround the city form the growing empire of Marshall Migatz, a young man who by five years of single-minded energy has made a reputation in both the business and artistic aspects of his trade. With the summer calendar dominant on the wall of his office, left, Migatz spends much time in long distance phone calls, wields tight personal control over his three theaters. Shows and show people he works with are his only interests.

Salt Creek theater in Hinsdale was Migatz' first venture, now leads the summer field in critical acclaim and capacity houses. The successful policy has been to alternate serious new drama with old-faithful plays, with proven stars in both kinds. Some summer theaters are in tents, subject to weather and the insects, but Salt Creek is in an air-conditioned movie house.

Last season in St. Charles, Migatz opened Fox Valley playhouse where he produces only musicals. So far this theater has lost money, lives on the success at Salt Creek, may go into the black at this season's end. It represents Migatz' most ardent current enthusiasm: stars and trappings of musicals.

Where dancers once revolved in the Edgewater Beach hotel's outdoor night club by the lake, Migatz' newest theater opened this summer. This is the first summer playhouse inside the city, a factor that puts the odds heavily in favor of its success. Some Migatz plays will divide runs between Salt Creek and the Beachwalk.

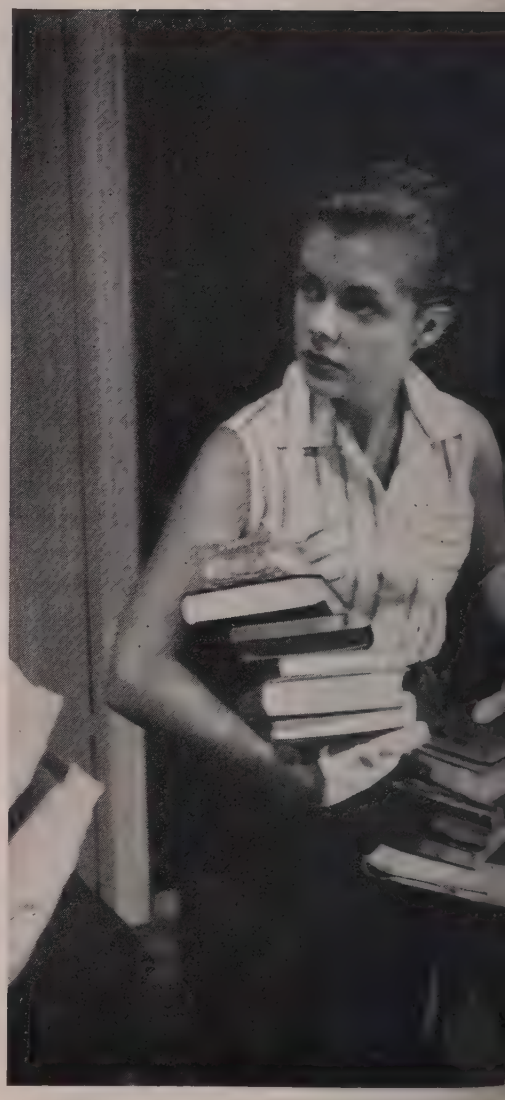
ng at customary high speed, the impresario in front of a door mirror in his Salt Creek Outside the door is an actor, Alan Manson, o see Migatz, but the office girl diplomatic- ists he isn't in. Determined Manson success- aited Migatz out, tho it took so long that he snatched a catnap on one of the beds in the "Wedding Breakfast," right. Manson had d opposite Eva Gabor in "Blithe Spirit."



Tho Migatz is naturally a solo virtuoso, he needs more and more help. His closest associate is King Page, who is calm, reticent, an effective counterpoise to boss' drive.

Young in years (32), and small in stature, Migatz looks deceptively wide-eyed. But his gestures and remarks are firm and pointed, and his financial and artistic achievements in the risky field of show business are apparently solid.

Producer and star: above with Shelley Winters, below with Sylvia Syms. Much of Migatz' success has been achieved by neatly manipulating the "star system." He seems unfailingly able to understand a star's ideas, whether idiosyncrasy or inspiration. Others have called Miss Winters a difficult, intractable actress, but Migatz has only praise for her hard work. A leading example of rapport with a star was when he convinced Judith Anderson she should take over as director of "Family Portrait" after the play lost its original director.



Carol Enz, an Indiana university student, i
apprentice whose life in the theater so far
sists mostly of manual labor. Part of the rev
for apprentices is close association with
great names, a situation that contains muc
the inherent drama of the business: Carol
the youth and beauty that most establi
stars have left behind, while they have
prestige and acclaim for which she longs.

In the wings amid props on closing night, the company's backbone of apprentices and staff contemplate next day's job: raising the new set in the early morning for dress rehearsal.

William Spier, talented director hired for "Rain," and Migatz audition supporting actors. During readings, the candidates elicited warmth and smiles, as above. But after they had finished and gone, most of them drew the reaction below.

A rare smile summarizes the end result of one production, but it will soon be replaced by the customary furrowed seriousness. As soon as his present irons are toasting well, he may try to realize a new cause: to produce an original play on a big scale. He is a bachelor, and in the off-season (October to February) retreats to his apartment in Geneva and does very little.

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On YOUR Radio
As Most
People Do

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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. A new evening newspaper, the "Daily Echo," began publication in August, 1880 . . . Larry Corcoran pitched the first **no-hit, no-run game** in the city's short baseball history as the White Stockings defeated the Bostons . . . Forepaugh's circus and menagerie played an engagement on the lake front. In the featured act a man was shot out of a cannon and caught by a woman hanging from a trapeze . . . Workmen digging a sewer on the North Side found a **mastodon skeleton** . . . The National Association of Photographers was formed at a convention in the Grand Pacific hotel . . . Evanston began boarding its prisoners in the Chicago Bridewell.

50 YEARS AGO. The Chicago Automobile club and the village of Glencoe had angry words in August, 1905. The village was accused of installing **bumps in Sheridan road** to make sure cars stayed within the speed limit of twelve miles per hour . . . Rookie pitcher Ed Reulbach went all the way for the Cubs as they defeated the Phillies, 2 to 1, in 20 innings . . . False teeth were being sold for five dollars a set at the Boston Dental Parlors on State street . . . **Alderman Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna** of the 1st ward toured Europe and pronounced it vastly inferior to Chicago . . . Holabird & Roche was given the contract for the new County building.

25 YEARS AGO. Economic conditions were blamed for the suicides of three well known business men in one week in August, 1930 . . . **Marshall Field III** took an English bride, Mrs. Audrey Dudley Coats, at ceremonies in London . . . State Senator John T. Joyce, who had testified in court that he feared violence at the hands of gangsters, was found dead in his Chestnut street apartment. Relatives charged he was poisoned . . . Edward H. Wright, the first Negro to serve as a ward committeeman in Chicago, died at the Mayo clinic . . . Contracts were let for construction of the **Victor Lawson** Memorial YMCA at Chicago and Dearborn.

Country Dinners

by Richard Dunlop

Every highway has its inns and restaurants where an urbanite can ine after a drive thru the rich farmnd and quiet towns of his city's enrons.

Westward, for example, where praies are being broken up for new uburbs there's a discovery in good ating at almost every turn. The Old pinning Wheel on Ogden avenue in insdale features thick soups and eep dish pies that are truly deep. he chicken comes fried, roasted or eamed — and always tasty.

Plentywood Farm in Bensenville is nother outstanding spot. The Groves mily and their staff understand the t of roasting beef to perfection.

The Fox valley is real eating couny. One of the most enjoyable places the dining room of the Baker hotel St. Charles, which overlooks the ox. The steaks are prime, and the icken pot pies would win ribbons at y country fair. The Milk Pail on st River road (state route 25) near ast Dundee is outstanding for duck, rkey or rainbow trout.

The Mill Race inn on State street in eneva is in favor with antiquarians well as gourmets. A hundred years o it was a blacksmith shop.

On days so blistering that appetites n't even be revived with a country ive, the Little Traveler in Geneva a mecca where sandwiches and ffee can be enjoyed on the patio.

The gracious Coach and Four, a le east of Marengo, is a refreshing p on a hot day. This pre-Civil War nsion is not only a distinctive dining place but also has a smart little shop carrying women's apparel.

For those with a yen for a longer drive, the Wagon Wheel at Rockton, north of Rockford, is a jackpot of good eating. Many a guest has come for dinner and stayed over in one of the inn's comfortable rooms.

Up in the hustling Skokie valley there are so many good places to eat that it's hard to miss finding at least one without looking. In Wheeling alone there are three notable dining rooms. Behm's on Milwaukee avenue serves southern fried chicken and lobster tail. Blum's, also on Milwaukee but north of town, offers splendid pies, cakes and puddings. Wenzlaff's, again on Milwaukee, prepares thuringer sausage and red cabbage.

The Chalet on Waukegan road in Northbrook is German Swiss. Anton Kersher is justly proud of his sauerbraten. Then there is Phil Johnson's on Waukegan road south of Deerfield. The cooking here is farm style, and this means there's plenty of food.

Murphy's on Dempster in Morton Grove produces a fine steak, and Hackney's on Harms road south of Lake avenue makes reasonable claim to serving the finest hamburger in the land.

The Deerpath inn in Lake Forest, where thick mutton chops and Yorkshire pudding are convincingly English, and Mathon's waterfront sea food spot in Waukegan, are noteworthy. Mathon's employs its own fishing boats to assure its tables of fresh trout and perch. The Hotel Farman at Lake Zurich, which became popular during the days of the summer theater at the lake, is still flourishing. The food is better than ever, and there's a genial, relaxed atmosphere.

Fortunately for South Siders and roving diners in general, it isn't necessarily true that it gets hotter as you go south. Out in Dolton, a trip to the Woodshed is neither strenuous, painful nor warming. Edith Dolton's crisp salads and casserole dishes make it a rewarding journey. The Old Barn at 82nd and State road in Oak Lawn is undoubtedly one of the top culinary spots in the metropolitan area. The full rites of charcoal broiling are carried out with an earnestness seldom practiced elsewhere.

The Indiana line should be no barrier to a diner in search of a meal worth going after. Phil Smidt's in Whiting offers excellent lake and sea fare and T-bone steaks. An Evanston trencherman of distinction regularly makes the trip to Phil's for frog legs. The Strongbow Turkey Farm on U. S. 30 east of Valparaiso offers daily proof that roast turkey is not the only way to serve the noble Thanksgiving bird. The Spa on U. S. 20 north of Chesterton is a favorite spot where filet mignon is prepared precisely to the customer's specifications.

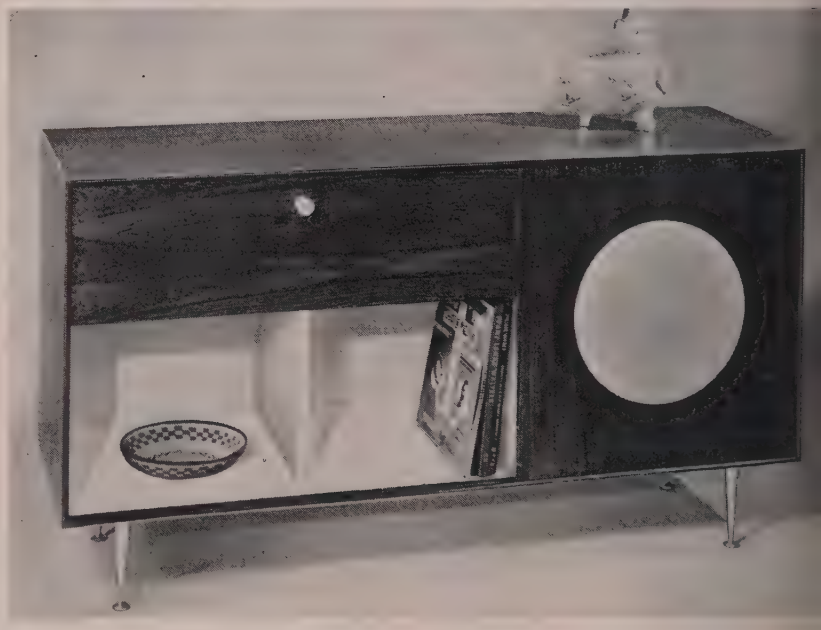
On the other hand, the really ravenous may not care to travel beyond the nearest suburbs of the city. For these diners, suitable targets are the Orrington hotel's distinguished dining room in Evanston, Fanny's in the same town, or the Pantry in Park Ridge.

drawing by Harry Gans

Hi Fi In & Out of the House

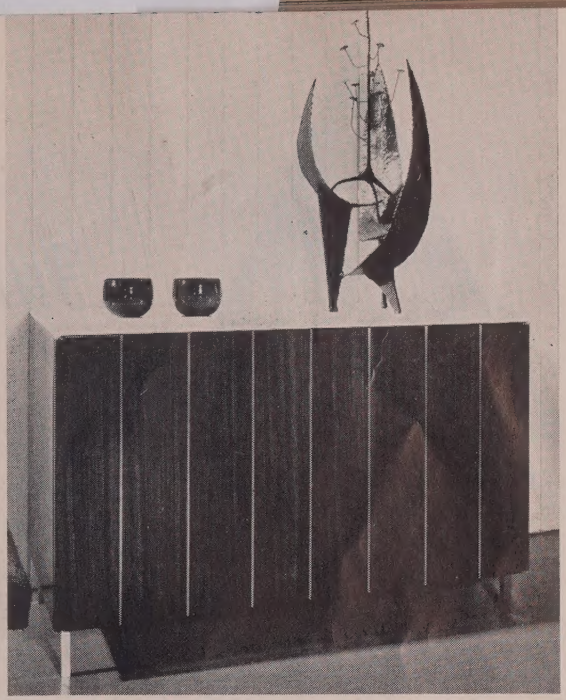
by Donald James Anderson

Designers of cabinetry are bent upon showing that high fidelity music equipment can be as pleasing to the eye as it is exciting to the ear. The day is fading when the fashionable living room is laid out to suggest an electronics warehouse. Here are some new design entries for both pre-assembled units and for custom sets.



Restrained handling of a luxurious wood is the dominant quality of a piece for custom installation designed by George Nelson. A mechanism "reminds" the listener to close the changer drawer before switching on the phonograph. Legs are cast aluminum. Also available without legs, for placement on platform bench.

For those who must squeeze their culture into scarce space, this factory-assembled three-speaker record player might do the trick. A wrought iron stand is an optional accessory.

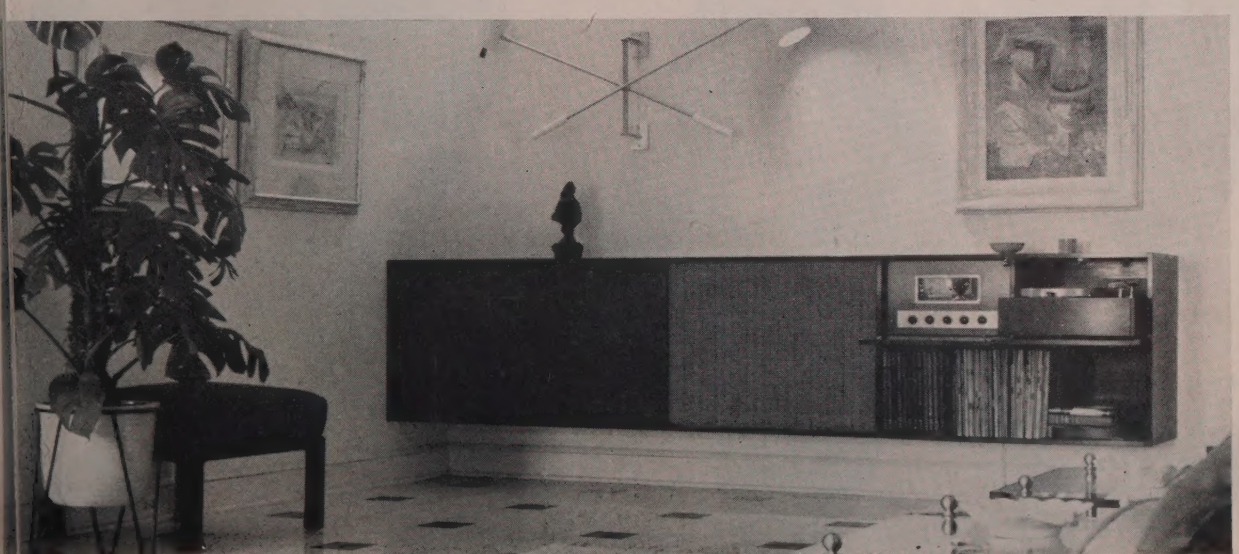


Paul Palmer has fashioned a cabinet which can double as a buffet. Brass strips punctuate an expanse of hand-rubbed rosewood. Sliding storage trays are 42 inches long, 38 wide and 20 deep.

cabinet five feet long, leather covred, with screen-fold doors, is degned by Paul McCobb to accommoate all standard hi-fi equipment and ny television set. Finished face panels onceal the components and the record layer is housed in a pull-out drawer.

elow, a prolonged ebony arrangeent has cantilever supports for an specially clean presentation. Section n the left is storage area.

For information as to where these items may be purchased, telephone Service department, CHICAGO: MIchigan 2-6570.



Fur Enough

by Marjorie Fullmer

Natural Homo cerulean mink cape.

There's a fur for every woman. Just as money went off the gold standard, fur fashions left the mink standard. Gone is the same look, all in minks, all voluminous sweeping backs, classic matronly styles that held sway spanning more than a decade. The transition period to other fashionable furs culminated full-blown in the past year following the development of so-called "neglected" furs into smart styles in pelts of every kind and in all price brackets. Associated furriers here took a lead in developing other furs. They championed moderately priced young furs last August, even crowning a fur queen on television. Their campaign generated national interest, and parallel developments then over the country and in Paris turned many furs to fashion, contrary to the usual convergence in fashion to one current look or decree. It changed the idea that fur is just for warmth or show. It means that fur variations are now so diverse that every woman can find her style and price. And the hot weather month of August is the peak time to see the largest array of furs being shown for the colder seasons ahead.

Youthful, inexpensive sheared raccoon jacket.

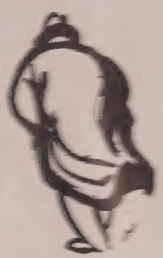
Costume suit. Long line jacket of natural gray Persian lamb.

Fur-on-fur: black Russian broadtail with jasmine white mink collar.

Elegant white sheared beaver coat with jeweled belt.

For information as to where these furs may be purchased, call Service department, CHICAGO: MIchigan 2-6570

The Onion Patch



suggesting a civic festival

The columnists have been putting out feelers toward organizing me kind of characteristic yearly tival that would lend greater force d cohesion to the city's manifold naissance. New Orleans, they point t, has the Mardi Gras; Los Angeles, e Tournament of Roses; Hickory rners, the Sack Race. Chicago must up and doing with some equivalent k rite.

The scribblers unanimously agree t this thing has to be done, but y seem perplexed as to just what n it should take. Actually, how-r, the answer is pretty obvious.

This is nothing if not a convention and it has nothing if not con-tion halls. It has existing con-tion halls it hasn't needed yet projected convention halls so vast numerous as to raise the question how they will ever be used. No ce in the world is so copiously sup-d with real and potential indoor fiums, arenas, auditoriums and just n halls.

To mention only a few of those al-dy built, there are the Stadium, the rnational Amphitheater, the Col-m, the Auditorium, the Opera se, the Medinah temple, and the ous rassling arenas.

he convention bureau has dis-ered, however, that none of these rge enough for conclaves which g along heavy machinery, loco-ves or nuclear reactors. This sion is to be remedied by con-tion of a publicly-owned hall on site of the Railroad fair, large gh to hold the entire membership e American Legion, fully armed water pistols and buzzers to press st ladies' posteriors.

t the end is not yet. Not wishing to let the government get ahead of private enterprise, a syndicate from Minneapolis hopes to put another immense arena on the south side of the river east of Michigan. And, reluctant to see the symmetry of the river banks destroyed, a local group has announced plans for a hall of similar size just to the north.

When all these mass meeting facilities are completed, the stage will be set for the biggest gathering of them all—the Chicago convention.

Tourists will be barred from the city for a period of one week. Work will cease and the entire native populace will deploy to the convention halls, where there will be adequate seating for all and enough drinking fountains to satisfy Jack Mabley.

The first couple of days will be devoted to parliamentary discussions about pertinent civic topics like "Shall the Death Penalty be Enacted for Litterbugs?" and "How Can We Prevent the Juveniles from Monopolizing Delinquency?"

After this vital business has been settled (or at least concluded) the real fun will begin. Everybody will assemble around Lake Calumet, where Phil Maxwell and his experienced staff will pass out combs and tissue paper. The biggest mass band in history will then march north on Stony Island and Lake Shore drive to Soldier field, with Maxwell conducting the performance of catchy tunes like *Back of the Yards* and *Don't Try to Clark Street Me*.

When the three and a half million conventioneers arrive at the great lake front oval, Maxwell will supervise distribution of a lantern and a bale of hay to each of them. At his signal everyone will light his lantern, kick it into a bale of hay and run like hell.

While Maxwell and the Andy Frain ushers are frantically stomping out the memorial fire, the celebrants will board the entire rolling stock of the CTA for transportation to taverns thruout the city.

When they have arrived the television sets will be turned on and the jolly visage of Paddy Bauler will appear on every channel. "Who'll have a drink?" Paddy will bellow, raising his top hat aloft.

In one mighty chorus his fellow citizens will give their single reply. And from Racine to Michigan City, it will be known that the "I Will" spirit flourishes as never before.

MAYOR DALEY CAUTIONED the electorate on the night of his victory that he is not promising miracles, so nobody expects him to improve the weather. He should, however, do something about the local weathermen. Their predictions are not as exact as they might be, and they could benefit by imitating their counterparts in the Bahamas. A recent issue of the Nassau *Guardian* announced: "Today's weather, fair or cloudy." The papers in the West Indies have a number of sterling qualities that might well be copied by our own beacons. The Trinidad *Guardian's* forte is a steadfast refusal to go overboard. It ran a picture of a cricket star with this caption: "George Bennett, who played well."

THE GASLIGHT CLUB formerly advertised its floor show as "the world's smallest ice revue." But that has all been changed. They are now using pink ice, and the show is billed as "the world's largest raspberry sherbet." —A. W.

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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

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Readers & Writers

He Didn't Dig

Sir: Somebody got their wires crossed on "The Onion Patch" story [July] about wiretapping.

The story read ". . . If your number begins with RAndolph 4 or 5, be careful what you say . . ." There "ain't" no RAndolph 4 or 5! It's RAndolph 6!

One more minor point: Northbrook will not have the first instruments in this area from which long distance numbers can be dialed direct. Our friends in Waukegan and Highland Park benefited by this change some weeks ago.

WILLIAM J. PEAK,
General Information Manager,
Illinois Bell Telephone co.

The somebody who got his wires crossed wasn't us. Being steady customers of the telephone company, we were well aware of the fact that there are no such exchanges as RAndolph 4 or 5. The item was intended as a commentary on the reliability of Confidential *magazine, which had charged that phones with those numbers were being tapped. The fact that Northbrook didn't get the first long distance dial phones is a commentary on the reliability of the newspapers.*

Academic Squabble

Sir: In your recent issue [What Goes on Here — July] an article appeared stating that I lecture Friday and Sunday evenings. Please be informed that such is in error and, moreover, an untruthful statement. I should be profoundly and inexpressibly grateful if you would be so good as to print my unqualified denial.

JOSEPH R. WEIL,
alias "Yellow Kid"

We weren't so foolish as to try to con the World's Greatest Con Man, Emeritus. The item stated that programs are held at the College of Complexes on Fridays and Saturdays (not Sundays) and that Weil is an occasional lecturer. This is a fact, altho the Yellow Kid's relations with the College administration are such that he is almost constantly joining or leaving the faculty. Apparently he is off campus at present.

Appling Batting for Carrasquel

Sir: Ever since my all-time White Sox picks were published in the July issue of CHICAGO, I have lost more cronies. And I must confess they are wholly justified in ostracizing me. Like Hawthorne's unhappy babe, I wear the scarlet letter — "C" for Carrasquel.

I am not ashamed of my other choices — Jackson, Weaver, Collins, Schalk et al. But Chico Carrasquel over one of the loveliest shortstops in all history, Luscious Luke. For that matter, Carrasquel over anybody!

I offer no alibi. I could, perhaps, plead temporary insanity or mal de mer or liver trouble. But I'll not take this easy way out. Rather, I think it was due to what Poe once referred to as the imp of the perverse. For my erstwhile companions to infer that I've sold out for Caracas gold is going too far.

STUDS TERKEL

City Series

Sir: Why don't you people stop riding that permanently stalled White Sox bandwagon and write something about Chicago's favorite baseball team? Over the years the Cubs have probably drawn twice as many fans as the Sox, and deservedly so. They kept Chicago in the major leagues for 30 years while the Sox were floundering around the second division with more people on the field than in the stands. The Cubs have won five pennants since the last time the Sox took one, and it looks like they're starting to get into contention again. Besides, win or lose, they have always had colorful, interesting teams.

Picking only players of the modern era, I'll match this team against your all-time Sox lineup ["The Old White Sox Were Best" — July] and win four games out of five: Outfield, Bill Nicholson, Hack Wilson and Kiki Cuyler; first base, Frank Chance; second base, Billy Herman; shortstop, Ernie Banks; third base, Stan Hack; catcher, Gabby Hartnett; pitchers, Charlie Root and Mordecai Brown.

CUB FA

You Bring the Dynamite

Sir: I see in your As We Wer column for May that they starte working on the outer drive bridge 1930. President Roosevelt dedicate it in 1938. That means it took eig years to get those awful hairpin tur put in. We'd better start soon if w expect to get them out before ca are replaced by helicopters.

HAROLD UPPLING

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Do you like nice things just for their appearance or do you have a deeper reason? SEGNO not only has a reason for the fine things it sells, but it bases this reason on a very simple philosophy of design and living. This is apparent in the atmosphere of our shop, personnel, and, of course, our customers. You are invited to see for yourself and to make use of our growing services. Our Interior Planning Section services are available to you at no extra cost to assure you of the coordinated results so highly desired.

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